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HERE IS THE NORTH POLE AS IT WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. COOK, ITS DISCOVERER—PROBABLY THE MOST REMARKABLE PICTURE EVER TAKEN.

This photograph, to which The Blade has exclusive right in Toledo and vicinity, was taken by Dr. Cook at the North Pole, April 21, 1908. It shows his Eskimo companions standing one at either side of the igloo, or snow hut, on which flies Old Glory. At the right is shown a sledge and other parts of the equipment used by Dr. Cook in his northward dash.

Half a Rogue

by HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER VII.

Spring came round again in Herculaneum. People began to go to the ...or and the dressmaker and the ...er. There were witty editorials ...he newspapers on house cleaning ...about the man who had the cour... to wear the first straw hat. The ...son (referring to the winter fes...ties) had been unusually lively. ...re had been two charity balls by ...l hospital boards, receptions, am...r dramatics, dinners and dances, ...to omit the announcement of sev... engagements.

...he new Bennington mansion had ...housewarming in November. The ...eption, followed by a dinner dance ...he evening, was, according to the ...ety columns, "one of the social ...nts of the season. The handsom... house in town was a bower of smi... and hothouse roses." Everybody ...t to the reception, for everybody ... more or less curious to meet the ...mer celebrated actress. The so... reporters, waiting for their cue, ...e rather non-committal in their ...ription of the mistress. There ... reason. They did not care, at ... early stage of the game, to of... the leader by too much praise of ...ewcomer who had yet to establish ...elf. Besides, they realized how ...e paragraphs would mean to a ...an whose portrait had appeared ...early all the illustrated magazines ...he world. Thus, the half-hearted... of the newspapers was equally ... to self-consciousness. Society it..., however, was greatly pleased ...h the beautiful Mrs. Bennington, ...she entered with zest into all so...'s plans. In fact, she threatened ...become very popular. The young... element began to call her Mrs. ...k.

...Kate was in her element, for to live ...r this fashion was the one ambi... that had survived all seasons. ...was like a child with some won...ful new French doll. There was ...ays a crowd of young married ...ple about her, which is a healthy ... She and Patty became insep...ble comrades. They shopped to...her, went to the matinees, and ...e and rode together.

...Everything went along smoothly, ... smoothly. Fate never permits ...thing like this to prosper long. ...or the first time in her career ... Franklyn-Haldene saw her posi... menaced. The younger set no ...er consulted her as formerly. ...en, like Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, a ...an has nothing more serious to ...for than to organize social affairs. ...slightest defection from her ranks ...ewed in the light of a catastrophe. ... had called on Mrs. Bennington ...second, armed with all those subtle ...eties which women of her caliber ...w so well how to handle. And be... if she met a fencer who quietly ...oned the foils before the bout be... She had finally departed with ...les on her lips and rage in her ...rt. This actress, whom she had ...ught to awe with the majesty of ...position in Herculaneum, was not ...d at all. It was disconcerting; it ... humiliating. She had conde...ded to tolerate and was tolerated ...rn. Katherine adored Patty, and ...y had told her that she hated Mrs. ...kiyn-Haldene. Naturally Kath...e assumed the defensive whenever ... met the common enemy.

...t Mrs. Haldene could wait. She ... waited before this. She had made ...ain prophecies, and it embittered ...to learn that so far none of these ...phecies had come true. She could ... Something was desined to hap... sooner or later. She knew hu...nature too well not to be expect...

To Mrs. Haldene the most grat...ng phrase in the language was: ...old you so!" Warrington had dis...inted her, too. He behaved him... He did not run after young Mrs. ...nington; he never called there ...e; he was seen more frequently ...the old Bennington place. The truth ...atty was busy reforming the way...d dramatist, and Warrington was ... watching the result. There were ...e who nodded and looked wise ...never they saw the two together. ...e Herculaneum was a city to be ...ed, socially. Everybody was on ...r her best behavior. It was only ...n among the poor that scandal ...ed her items for the newspapers. ... shooting of such a man by such a ...an's husband aroused only the ...est comment. But that class of ...le, don't you know, is so primeval. ...kill a man from jealousy! It was ...ulous. Why did they not go ..., like civilized human beings?

...Of course there is always scandal in ...tics; everybody understands that ...s unavoidable. Another franchise ... slipped out of the common coun... into the transit company's pocket, ... even the partisan papers mildly ...bored the aldermanic body. The ...ning Call, however, slashed the ...d representative vigorously. It ...ed up its editorial with the query: ...w much longer will the public ...d this sort of thing?" The Call ... the only independent sheet in ..., and did about as it pleased. ...Warrington found himself taking ...e than normal interest in the situ...n. Occasionally, on Monday nights, ...wandered into the city hall and ...ned to the impassioned speeches of ...aldermen. Many a tempestuous ...e passed under his notice. Ordi...ces were passed or blocked, pave... deals were rushed through or ...cracked. And once, when the ...company was menaced with dollar ... the city pay roll was held up for ...months by the fighting company's ...rts. Only Heaven knows how ...h longer it might have been held ..., had not an assemblyman come ...e mayor's help by rushing up to ...capital and railroading through a ...that required only a two-thirds ...

...e Democrats had remained in ...er for six years, and Herculaneum ...essentially a Republican city. On ...Democratic side was McQuade, on ... Republican side was ex-Senator ...derson. These men were bosses of ...ordinary type. The first was from ...mass, the second from the class; ...both were millionaires. The po...al arena was a pastime for these ...men; it was a huge complex game ...ness in which recently the senator ...been worsted. The public paid, ...it invariably does, to watch this ...on the checkerboard of wards. ...senator had been unfortunate in ...candidates. He had tried young ...and old, lawyers and merchants; ...he had failed to nominate a man who was popular with class and mass.

The present mayor was a shrewd Democrat who understood the diplomacy of petty politics. He shook the grimy hand of toil in preference to the gloved hand of idleness. He was thoroughly a politician. He never disregarded public opinion openly. He never sailed close to the wind, but spent his time in safe tacks to whatever harbor he desired. He was McQuade's man just so long as McQuade made the business worth while. He had opened up many new streets, abolished needless nuisances, and these concessions gave him a strong hold on the independent voter. He was a king over frogs which had changed much since Aesop's time, for now they let well enough alone.

Nevertheless, things were going from bad to worse. Three terms are likely to cause a man to grow careless or indifferent, and Donnelly was making frequent bad breaks. The senator, ever watchful, believed he saw a chance to sweep McQuade off the board.

McQuade had an able lieutenant in Alderman Martin, whom the sporting fraternity followed loyally. Martin owned and ran the most disreputable hotel in the city. It occupied a position of unusual prominence on one of the principal business streets. There was a saloon and a cheap restaurant on the ground floor. On the second floor were wine rooms and a notorious gaming den. Above this was the hotel. The guests stole in at midnight and stole out at dawn.

This gambling den was frequently the bone of contention between energetic ministers of the gospel and the police department. Regularly the police swore that gambling did not exist in town, and regularly the ministers went on a still hunt for proofs. Singularly enough, they never found any. A hint from headquarters, and the den would close up till after the excitement was over. All the newspapers understood that the police lied; but the editors were either afraid or indifferent; and the farce was played over yearly for the benefit of the ministerial association.

The place was run honestly enough. When the stakes are small, the professional gambler does not have to be dishonest. All the same, this kind of gambler is the most despicable of men. He lures the wage of the poor; clerks, bookkeepers, traveling salesmen, laborers, college boys, men who drink too much of a Saturday night, all these come to the net. Nobody ever wins anything; and if perchance one does make a small winning, it goes quickly over the bar. Women wait and wonder at home; it is their common lot. The spirit of the gambler is in us all, and we might as well confess it here and now. It is in the corpuscles; something for nothing, something for nothing!

Martin was a power in the common council. He could block or put through any measure. He always carried a roll of gold bills in his pockets —for what purpose no one had the temerity to inquire. His following was large and turbulent; it came from the shops and the factories and the streets. In his ward no candidate had ever defeated him. "Nice people" had very little to do with Mr. Martin; the laborer who was honest had little to do with him, either. He was a pariah, but a very formidable one. Yet, no one, though many accused him, caught him in a dishonest deal.

On the other hand, Senator Henderson's party had the cloak of respectability on its shoulders. His lieutenants were prominent business men who went into politics as a light diversion, young men of aristocratic families who were ambitious to go to Albany or Washington, and lawyers. The senator was a shrewd politician, with an unreadable face, cleanshaven but for a stubby mustache, and keen blue eyes that saw everything. He was loyal to his party and above dishonesty.

This was the political situation in Herculaneum.

One May evening the senator called up Warrington. He was told that Mr. Warrington was at the club. The senator drove to the club forthwith. He found the dramatist in the reading room, and greeted him pleasantly.

"My boy, I want half an hour of your time."

"You are welcome to an hour of it, senator," replied Warrington, curious to know what the senator had to say to him.

"Come into a private dining-room, then." Once seated at the table, the senator reached over and touched Warrington mysteriously on the arm. "Young man, I heard you speak the other night at the Chamber of Commerce banquet. You're a born orator, and what is better than that, you've common sense and humor. How would you like to be mayor of Herculaneum next fall?"

"Mayor?" gasped Warrington.

"Yes."

"I'd make a fine mayor," with forced laughter, but thinking rapidly. "Aren't you jollying me, senator?"

"I'm dead in earnest, Warrington. There is not another available man in sight. By available I mean a man who can pull the party out of the bog. There are a hundred I could nominate, but the nomination would be as far as they could go. We want a man who is fresh and new to the people, so far as politics goes; a man who can not be influenced by money or political emoluments. There are thousands of voters who are discontented, but they'd prefer to vote for Donnelly again rather than to vote for someone they know would be no better. You are known the world over. A good many people would never have known there was such a place as Herculaneum but for you. It is the home of the distinguished playwright."

"But I know practically nothing about political machinery," Warrington protested.

"You can leave the machinery to me," said the senator wisely. "I'll set the wheels going. It will be as easy as sliding down hill. I'll give you my word, if you land in the City Hall, to send you to Washington with the next congress. Will you accept the nomination, in case I swing it around to you in September? It's a big thing. All you literary boys are breaking into politics. This is your chance."

"I'll take the night to think it over," said Warrington. He was vastly flattered, but he was none the less cautious and non-committal.

"Take a week, my boy; take a week. Another thing. You are intimate with young Bennington. He's a hard-headed chap and doesn't countenance politics in his shops. The two of you ought to bring the hands to their senses. If we can line up the Bennington steel mills, others will fall in. Bennington owns the shops, but our friend McQuade owns the men who work there. Take a week to think it over; I can rely on your absolute secrecy."

"I shall be silent for half a dozen reasons." Warrington replied. "But I shan't keep you waiting a week. Call me up by 'phone tomorrow at any time between five and six. I shall say yes or no direct."

"I like to hear a man talk like that.

"I can't get the idea into my head yet. I never expected to meddle with politics in this town."

"We'll do the meddling for you. Even if you accept, we shall require silence till the convention. It will be a bomb in the enemy's camp. You'll come around to the idea. Between five and six, then?"

"I shall have your answer ready. Good night."

The senator took himself off, while Warrington ordered a bottle of beer and drank it thoughtfully. Mayor! It would be a huge joke indeed to come back to Herculaneum to rule it. He chuckled all the way home that night; but when his head struck the pillow he saw the serious side of the affair. He recalled the old days when they sneered at him for selling vegetables; and here they were, coming to him with the mayoralty. It was mighty gratifying. And there was the promise of Washington. But he knew the world; political promises and piecrusts. What would the aunt say? What would Patty say? Somehow he was always thinking of Patty. He had not thought as yet to make any analysis of his regard for Patty. He held her in the light of an agreeable companion, nothing more than that. Would she be pleased to see him mayor of Herculaneum? Bah! He couldn't sleep. He got out of bed, found a pipe and lighted it, and sat in the rocker by the window. Jove, hearing him moving about the room, woke up and came trotting in to inquire.

"Ha, old boy, what do you think?" Jove laid his head on his master's knees.

"They want to make a mayor out of me."

Jove signified his approval.

"They have forgiven us our daily vegetables. But shall I? Will it be worth while? Well, we'll take a ride into the hills in the morning, and we'll think it all out. Mayor of Herculaneum; sounds good, doesn't it? Nothing like success, Jove."

Warrington smoked till the fire in his pipe died. He turned in, and this time he won sleep.

Early the next morning he was off on his horse, and he did not return till noon. But he had his answer.

At three that afternoon he had callers. Patty and Kate had just run over to see how the new play was getting on. Warrington confessed that he was doing only desultory work, but promised to read the scenario to them when it was done.

"You are becoming lazy," said Kate rebukingly.

"No; only a country gentleman."

"Patty, did you hear that? He calls Herculaneum a country village."

"Nothing of the sort. One may live in a city and be a countryman still."

"Mr. Warrington probably misses New York," said Patty.

"Not the veriest particle," promptly. Certainly Patty was growing more charming every day.

The Angora cat, with feline caution, peeped into the room. Patty, who loved cats, made a dash for the fluffy animal, which turned tail and bolted for the kitchen, Patty a close second.

For the first time since the marriage Kate and Warrington were were alone together. He gazed at her, mildly speculative.

"Well, what do you see?" she asked.

"You are certainly one of the most beautiful women in the world," he declared, sighing.

"You say 'one of'?" frowning. "There was a time when it was not general; you used the definite article."

"I know it."

"Then there must be somebody else," quickly.

"I'm not a marrying man," he said, evasively.

"Is it Patty, Dick? Oh, if it were only Patty!"

"I'm not good enough for Patty, Kate. The Lord knows, though, that I wish I were. She embarrasses me at times with her implicit faith in my goodness."

"Ah, Richard, what a terrible past yours was!" mockingly. "Nonsense!" briskly. "You are guilty of nothing but innocuous villainies. If there were fairies I should ask one to make you fall violently in love with Patty."

"No fairies need apply," ambiguously. "But you; you seem to be happy."

"There can not be a happier woman in the world. Let me confess. The confession may hurt your vanity. I love my husband better than I dreamed I could love. He is so just, so tender and strong. And isn't he handsome? I am madly jealous of every woman that comes near him. And once upon a time I believed that I was in love with Mr. Richard." There was no coquetry in this frank statement.

"Anyone can see that you are happy."

"I want everyone to see it. I want to tell everybody, too. You have no idea how strong he is, Dick. Yesterday I was in the shops with him. A rail was in the way; the men about did not see it; or refused to see it. John stooped, picked it up with his bare hands, and dropped it to one side. There are but two men in the shops who can do that. But I have a horror of those great bars of twisting white iron. They terrify me. I do not understand, but the men are always sullen when I am there. John says it's my imagination."

"It probably is. Perhaps the begrimed faces have something to do with it."

"I can read the human countenance too well," she said. "Is it because I have been on the stage? Have these men a base opinion of me?"

"Impossible!"

"And they seem to dislike John, too."

"John can take care of himself. He'll wait a long while, but when he moves forward nothing can stop him. Don't you ever miss the glare of the lights?" he asked, his endeavor being to interest her in something foreign to the shops.

"Dick, I have almost forgotten that I ever acted. You will remember that I refused to assist in the amateur theatricals last winter. Act? I hate the word. It suggests the puppet, the living in other people's worlds, parrot-wise, in imitation."

"Come, come, Kate; it's the greatest gift of all, and you know it. Think! The power to make people laugh and cry, to make either happiness or misery perfectly real!"

"Oh, there was pleasure in it at times," she admitted reluctantly. "Do you remember my gloves, Dick? John had them."

"He knew you were in my rooms that night?"

"Yes, I told him the simple truth, and he believed me. How could I help loving a man as loyal as that?"

(To Be Continued.)

DR. COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

Brave Explorer Writes Details of Expedition's Organization and Its Advance into the Glaciers of the Frozen North.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

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BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

A boat is an important adjunct to every sledge expedition which hopes to venture far from its base of operations. It is a matter of necessity even when following the new ccast line, as is shown by the mishap of Mylius Ericksen; for if he had had a boat he would have returned to tell the story of the Danish expedition to East Greenland.

Need for a boat comes with the changed conditions of the advancing season. Things must be carried for several months for a chance use in the last stages of the return. But since food supplies are necessarily limited, delay is fatal. Therefore when open water prevents progress a boat becomes in the nature of a life preserver.

Foolish, indeed, is the explorer who ignores this detail of the problem. Trasnport of a boat, however, offers many serious objections. Nansen introduced the kayak, and most explorers since have adopted the same device. The Eskimo canoe serves the purpose very well, but to carry it for three months without hopeless destruction requires an amount of energy which stamps the polar venture with failure.

Sectional boats, aluminum boats, skin floats and other devices have been tried, but to all there is the same fatal objection of impossible transportation. It seems rather odd that the ordinary folding canvas boat has not been pressed into this service.

We found it to fit the situation exactly, selecting a 12-foot Eureka shaped boat with wooden frame. The slats, spreaders and floor pieces were utilized as parts of sleds. The canvas cover served as a floor cloth for our sleeping bags. Thus the boat did useful service for a hundred days and was never in evidence as a cumbersome device.

When at last the craft was spread and covered, in it we carried the sled, in it we camped, in it we sought game, the meat of which took the place of exhausted supplies. Without it we, too, would not have returned.

Preparation of the staple food supply is of even greater importance than means of locomotion. To the success of a prolonged arctic enterprise in transit successive experience is bound to dictate a wise choice of equipment, but it does not often educate the stomach. From the published accounts of arctic travelers it is impossible to select a satisfactory menu for future explorers, and I hasten to add that perhaps our experience will be equally unsatisfactory to subsequent victims. Nor is it safe to listen to scientific advice, for the stomach is the one organ of the body which stands as the autocrat over every other human sense and passion and will not easily yield to foreign dictates.

The problem differs with every man. It differs with every expedition and it is radically different with every nation. Thus when De Garlache forced Norwegian food into French stomachs he learned that there was a nationality in gastronomics.

In this respect, as in others, it was helped very much by the people who were to line up my forces. The Eskimo is ever hungry, but his taste is normal. Things of doubtful value in nutrition form no part of his dietary. Animal food, meat and fat, is entirely satisfactory as a steady diet without other adjuncts. His food requires neither salt nor sugar, nor is cooking a matter of necessity.

Quantity is important, but quality applies only to the relative proportion of fat. With this key to the gastronomics of our lockers, pemmican was selected as the staple food, which also served equally well for the dogs. We had an ample supply of pemmican, made by Armour, of pounded dried beef, sprinkled with a few raisins, some currants and a small quantity of sugar. This mixture was cemented together with heated beef tallow and run into cans containing six pounds each. This combination was invented by an American Indian. It has been used before as part of the long list of foodstuffs in Arctic products, but with us it was the whole bill of fare when away from game haunts.

Only a few palate surprises were carried and these will be indicated in the narrative of camp life. The entire winter and night were spent with busy hands, under direction of Eskimo and Caucasian ingenuity, in working out the clothing and camp comforts, without which we could not invade the forbidden mystery of the polar basin. Although we did not follow closely either the routes or methods of our predecessors, we are, nevertheless, doubly indebted to them, for their experiences, including their failures, were our stepping stones to success.

Early in January, 1908, the campaign opened. A few sleds were sent to the American shores to explore a route and to advance supplies.

Clouds and storms made the moonlight days dark, and therefore these advance expeditions were only partly successful.

On February 19, 1908, the main expedition started for the pole. Eleven men, driving 103 dogs, and moving 11 heavily loaded sleds, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward, on the troublesome ice of Smith Sound, to Cape Sabina.

The gloom of the long winter night was but little relieved by a few hours of daylight, and temperature was very low.

The gloom of the long winter night was but little relieved by a Land, from the head of Flagler Bay; in crossing to the Pacific slopes the temperature fell to 83 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

In Bay Fjord many musk oxen were secured, and though the winter frost was at its lowest, there was little wind, and with an abundance of fresh meat and also fat for fuel, the life in the snow house proved fairly comfortable.

The ice in Eureka and Jones sounds proved fairly smooth, and long marches were made, with an abundance of game, musk ox, bear and hares. We found it quite unnecessary to use the supplies taken from Greenland. Caches of provisions and ammunition were left along Heiberg island for the return.

Abundance of Supplies.

Thus we managed to keep the game trails and in excellent fighting trim to the end of Klown Lands. Camping in the chill of the frowning cliffs of the northernmost coast, Svartevog, we looked out over the heavy ice of the polar seas through eyes which had been hardened to the worst environments.

There was at hand an abundance of supplies, wild, willing savage hands and a superabundance of brute force in overfed pelts, but for greater certainty of action over the unknown regions beyond, I resolved to reduce the force to the smallest numbers consistent with the execution of the problem in hand.

We had traveled nearly 400 miles in 28 days. There remained a line of 520 miles of unknown trouble to be overcome before our goal could be reached. For this final task we were provided with every conceivable device to ease this hard lot, but in addition to a reduced party, I now definitely resolved to simplify the entire equipment. At Svartevog a big cache was made. In this cache fresh meat todnu, pemmican and much other food, together with all discarded articles of equipment, were left.

In the northward advance every factor of the dog train had been carefully watched and studied, to provide a perfect working force for the final reach over the Polar Sea. Etukiskuk and Ahwelsh, two young Eskimos, each 20 years old, had been chosen as-best fitted to be my companions in the long run of destiny. Twenty-six dogs were picked, and upon two sleds were loaded all our needs for the stay of 80 days.

To have increased this party would not have enabled us to carry supplies for a greater number of days. The sleds might have been loaded more heavily, but this would reduce the important progress of the first days.

Had to Travel Light.

With the character of ice which we had before us, advance stations were impossible. A large expedition and a heavy equipment seemed imprudent. We must win or lose in a prolonged effort at high pressure; therefore absolute control and ease of adaptability to a changing environment must be assured.

It is impossible to adequately control the complex human temperament of unknown men in the polar wilderness, but the two Eskimos boys could be trusted to follow to the limit of my own endeavors, and our sleds were burdened only with absolute necessities.

Because of the importance of a light and efficient equipment, much care was taken to elliminate every ounce of weight. The sleds were made of hickory, the lightest wood consistent with great endurance, but every needless store was gouged out. The iron shoes were ground thin, and in every way the weight of nearly everything was reduced even after leaving headquarters.

The little train, therefore, which followed me into the further mystery was composed of two dog sleds, each carrying 600 pounds, drawn by 13 dogs under the lash of an expert driver. The combined freight was as follows: Pemmican, 805 pounds; musk ox tenderloin, 50 pounds; todnu, 25 pounds; tea, 2 pounds; coffee, 1 pound; sugar, 25 pounds; condensed milk, 40 pounds; milk biscuit, 40 pounds; pea soup, powdered and compressed, 10 pounds; surprises, 5 pounds; petroleum, 40 pounds; wood alcohol, 2 pounds; candles, 3 pounds; matches, 1 pound.

The camp equipment included the following articles: 1 blow fire lamp (Jeuel), 3 aluminum pails, 3 aluminum cups, 3 aluminum teaspoons, 1 tablespoon, 3 tin plates, 6 pocket knives, 2 butcher knives, 10 inches; 1 saw knife, 13 inches; 1 long knife, 15 inches; 1 rifle (Sharps), 1 rifle (Winchester 22), 110 cartridges, 1 hatchet, 1 Alpine ax, extra line and lashings, 3 personal bags.

Instruments Taken on Dash.

The sled equipment was: 2 sleds, weighing 52 pounds each; 1 11-foot folding canvas boat, 34 pounds; 1 silk tent, 2 canvas sled covers, 2 sleeping bags (reindeer skin), floor furs, extra wood for sled repairs, screws, nails and rivets.

The instruments were as follows: 3 compasses, 1 sextant, 1 artificial horizon glass, pedometer, 3 pocket chronometers, 1 aneroid barometer 1 camera and films, note books and pencils.

The personal bags contained four extra pair of kamiks, with fur stockings, a woolen shirt, three pairs of sealskin mittens, two pairs of fur mittens, a piece of blanket, a sealskin coat (netsha), a repair kit for mending clothing and dog harness, extra fox tails.

At the time on the march we wore snow goggles, blue fox coats (Kapitahs), birdskin shirts, woolen drawers, bearskin pants, kamiks and hare skin stockings. We fastened a band of fox tails under the knee and about the waist.

On the morning of March 18 prep-

Continued on Page 7, First Column.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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"I want you to come with me and see it out," Asgill said. He wheeled brusquely to the garden gate, but when he was within a pace of it he paused and turned his head. "Mr. O'Beirne," he said, "I'm going in by this gate, and it's not much to be expected I'll come out any way but feet first. Will you be telling her, if you please, that I knew that same?"

"I will," Morty answered, genuinely distressed. "But I'm asking is there no other way?"

"There is none," Asgill said. And he opened the gate.

Payton was waiting for him on the path under the yew trees, with two of his troopers on guard in the background. He had removed his coat and vest, and stood, a not ungraceful figure, in the sunshine, bending his rapier and feeling its point with his thumb. He was doing this when his eyes surprised its opponents entrance, and, without desisting from his employment, he smiled.

If the other's courage had begun to wane that smile would have restored it. For it aroused in him a stronger passion than fear—the passion of hatred. He saw in the man before him, the man with the cruel smile, a demon who, in pure malice, without reason and without cause, would take his life, would rob him of joy and love and sunshine, and hurl him into the blackness of the gulf. And he was seized with a rage at once fierce and deliberate. This man, who would kill him and whom he saw smiling before him, he would kill! He thirsted to set his foot upon his throat and squeeze, and squeeze the life out of him! These were the thoughts that passed through his mind as he paused to throw off the encumbering coat. Then he advanced, drawing his weapon as he moved, and fixing his eyes on Payton, who, for his part, reading the other's face—for more than once he had seen that look—put himself on his guard without a word.

Asgill had no more than the rudimentary knowledge of the sword which was possessed in that day by all who wore it. He knew that, given time and the decent observances of the fencing school, he would be a mere child in Payton's hands; that it would matter nothing whether the sun were on this side or that, or his sword the longer or the shorter by an inch.

The moment he was within reach, therefore, and his blade touched the other's, he rushed in, lunging fiercely at his opponent's breast and trusting to the vigor of his attack and the circular sweep of his point to protect himself. Nor seldom had a man skilled in the subtleties of the art found himself confused and overcome by this mode of attack.

But Payton had met his man too often on the green to be taken by surprise. He parried the first thrust, the second he evaded by stepping adroitly aside. By the same movement he put the sun in Asgill's eyes.

Again the latter rushed in, striving to get within his opponent's guard, and again Payton stepped aside and allowed the random thrust to pass wasted under his arm. Once more the same thing happened—Asgill rushed in, Payton parried or evaded with the ease and coolness of long tried skill. By this time Asgill, forced to keep his blade in motion, was beginning to breathe quickly. The sweat stood on his brow, he struck more and more wildly and with less and less strength of aim. He was aware—it could be read in the glare of his eyes—that he was being reduced to the defensive, and he knew that to be fatal.

An oath broke from his panting lips and he rushed in again, even more recklessly, more at random than before, his sole object now to kill the other, to stab him at close quarters, no matter what happened to himself.

Again Asgill avoided the full force of his rush, but this time after a different fashion. He retreated a step. Then with a flicker and a girding of steel on steel Asgill's sword flew from his hand, and at the same instant—or so nearly at the same instant that the disarming and the thrust might have seemed to all untrained eye one motion—Payton turned his wrist and his sword buried itself in Asgill's body. The unfortunate man recoiled with a gasping cry, staggered and sank sideways to the ground.

"By the powers," O'Beirne exclaimed, springing forward, "a foul stroke! By heaven's a foul stroke. He was disarmed. It—"

"Have a care what you say!" Payton answered slowly, and in a terrible tone. "You'd do better to look to your friend, for he'll need it."

"It's you that struck him after he was disarmed!" Morty cried, almost weeping with rage. "Not a bit of a chance did you give him! You—"

"Silence, I say!" Payton answered in a fierce tone of authority. "I know my duty, and if you know yours you'll look to him."

He turned aside with that and thrust the point of his sword twice and thrice into the sod before he sheathed the weapon. Meanwhile Morty had cast himself down beside the fallen man, who, speechless and with his head hanging, continued to support himself on his hand. A patch of blood, bright colored, was growing slowly on his vest and there was blood on his lips.

"Oh, whirra, whirra, what'll I do?" the Irishman exclaimed, helplessly wringing his hands. "What'll I do for him? He's murdered entirely!"

Payton, aided by one of his troopers, was putting on his coat and vest. He paused to bid the other help the gentleman. Then, with a cold look for the fallen man, for whom, though they had been friends, as friends go in the world, he seemed to have no feeling, except one of contempt, he walked away in the direction of the rear of the house.

By the time he reached the back door the alarm was abroad, the maids were running too and fro and screaming, and on the threshold he encountered Flavia. Pale as the stricken man she looked on Payton with an eye of horror, and, as he stood aside to let her pass, she drew her skirts away, that they might not touch him.

He went on with rage in his heart. "Very good, my lady," he muttered; "very good! But I've not done with you yet. I know a way to pull your pride down. And I'll go about it."

He might have spoken less confidently had he, before he retired from

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the scene of the fight, cast one upward glance in the direction of the house; had he marked an opening high up in the wall of the yew, and noticed through that opening a window so placed that it alone of all the windows in the house commanded the scene of action. For then he would have discovered at that casement a face he knew and a pair of stern eyes that had followed the course of the struggle throughout; noted each separate attack, and judged the issue—and the man.

And he might have taken warning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Pitcher at the Well.

The surgeon of that day was better skilled in letting blood than in stanching it. It was well for Luke Asgill, therefore, that none lived nearer than Tralee. It was still more fortunate for him that there was one in the house to whom the treatment of such a wound as his was an everyday matter, and who was guided in his practice less by the rules of the faculty than by those of common sense.

Even under his care Asgill's life hung for many hours in the balance. There was a time when his breath, in the old phrase, would not raise a feather. The servants were ready to raise the "keen," the cook sought the salt for the death plate. Colonel John, mindful of many a man found living on the field hours after he should, by all the rules, have died, did not despair; and little by little the Colonel's skill and patience prevailed. The breathing grew stronger, and, though the end must remain uncertain, death, for the moment, was repelled.

Now, he who, when others are distraught and wring their hands, knows both what to do and how to do it, cannot fail to impress the imagination. Unsupported by Flavia, Colonel John might have done less; yet she who fetched and carried for him, and shrank from no sight of blood or wound, was also the one who succumbed the most completely to his ascendancy. Flavia's feelings toward her cousin had been altering hour by hour, and this experience of him hastened her tacit surrender.

Having seen how high he could rise in adversity, she now saw also how naturally he took the lead of others, how completely he dominated the crowd. While she no longer marveled at the skill with which he had thwarted plans which she began to appraise at their value, she found herself relying upon him to an extent which startled and frightened her.

Was it only that morning that she had trembled for her brother's life? Was it only that morning that she had opened her eyes and known him craven, unworthy of his name and race? Was it only that morning that she had sent into peril the man who lay dying before her? For if that were so why did she now feel so different? Why did she now feel inexplicably relieved, inconceivably at ease, almost happy? Why, with the man whom she had thrust into peril lying in extremis before her, did she find her mind straying to another? To one whose hands touched hers in the work of tendance, who, low-toned, ordered her hither and thither, and was obeyed?

She asked herself the question as she sat in the darkened room, watching. And in the twilight she blushed. Once, at a crisis, Colonel John had taken her roughly by the wrist and forced her to hold the bandage so, while he twisted it. She looked at the wrist now, and, fancying she could see the imprint of his fingers on it, she blushed more deeply.

Presently there came, as they sat listening to the fluttering breath, a low scratching at the door. At a sign from Colonel Sullivan, who sat on the inner side of the bed, she stole to it and found Morty O'Beirne on the threshold. He beckoned to her, and, closing the door, she followed him downstairs, to where, in the living room, she found the other O'Beirne standing sheepishly beside the table.

"It's not knowing what to do, we are," Morty said.

He did not look at her, nor did his brother. Her heart sank. "What is it?" she asked.

"The fiend's in the man," Morty replied, tapping with his fingers on the table. "But—it's you will be telling her, Phelim."

"It's he that's not content," Phelim muttered. "The thief of the world!"

"Curse him!" cried his brother.

"Not content?" she echoed. "After what he's done?" Then the downcast demeanor of the two told the story, and she gasped. "He's for—fighting my brother?" she whispered.

"He'll be content with no less," Morty answered, with a groan. "Bad cess to him! And The McMurrough—sure he's no stomach for it. And whirra, whirra, on that the man says he'll be telling it in Tralee that he'd not meet him, and as far as Galway City he'll cut his comb for him! Ay, bedad, he says that!"

She listened, despairing. The house was quiet, as houses in the country are of an afternoon. Her thoughts were no longer with the injured man, however, but in that other room, where her brother lurked in shameful fear that in a nameless man might have been pardoned, but in him, head of his race, last of his race, never! She came of heroes. To her the strain had descended pure and untainted, and she would rather have seen him dead. The two men before her, she was very sure, would have taken up the glove, unwillingly and perforce, but they would have fought! While her brother, The McMurrough——. But even while she thought of it, she saw through the open door the figure of a man saunter slowly past the courtyard gates, his sword under his arm. It was the Englishman. She felt the added sting. Her cheek, that had been pale, burned darkly.

"St. Patrick fly away with the toad and the ugly smile of him!" Morty said. "I'm thinking it's between the two of us, Phelim, my jewel! And he that's killed will help the other."

"Heaven forbid!" Flavia cried, pale with horror at the thought. "Not another!"

"But sure, and I'm not seeing how else we'll get rid of him handsomely," Phelim replied.

"No!" she replied firmly. "No! I forbid it!"

Again the man sauntered by the entrance, and again he cast the same insolent, smiling look at the house. They watched him pass; an ominous shadow in the sunshine, and Flavia shuddered.

"But what will you be doing, then?" Morty asked, rubbing his chin in perplexity. "He's saying that if The McMurrough's not meet him by four o'clock, and it isn't short of it, he'll be riding this day! And him once gone he's a bitter tongue, and it will be foul shame on the house."

Flavia drew in her breath sharply—she had made up her mind. "I know what I will do," she said. "I will tell him all." And she turned to go.

"It's not worth the shoe leather!" Morty cried after her, letting his scorn of James be seen.

But when she returned a minute later she was followed, not by James McMurrough, but by Colonel Sullivan. The Colonel's face had lost the brown of health, but he trod firmly, and his eyes were clear and kind.

"I am willing to help, if I can," he said. "What is your trouble?"

"Tell him," Flavia said, averting her face.

They told him in almost the same words in which they had broken the news to her. "And the curse of Cromwell on me, but he's parading up and down now," Morty continued, "and cocking his eye at the sun dial whenever he passes, as much as to say, 'Is it coming, you are?' till the heart's fairly melted in me with the rage."

"And it's shame on us we let him be!" cried Phelim.

Colonel John did not answer. He was silent even when, under the eyes of all, the ominous shadow passed again before the entrance gates—came and went. He was so long silent that Flavia turned to him, and held out her hands. "What shall we do?" she cried—and in that cry she betrayed her new dependence on him.

"It is hard to say," Colonel John answered gravely. His face was very gloomy, and to hide it or his thoughts he turned from them and went to one of the windows.

They waited. Flavia with a growing sense of disappointment. She did not know what she had thought that he would do; but she had been confident that he could help more than others.

He came back to them presently. His face sad. "I will deal with it," he said— and he sighed. "You can leave it to me. Do you," he continued, addressing Morty, "come with me, Mr. O'Beirne."

He was for leaving them with that, but Flavia put herself between him and the door. She fixed her eyes on his face. "What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"I will tell you all—later," he replied gently.

"No! Now," she retorted, controlling herself with difficulty. "Now! You are not going—to fight him?"

"I am not going to fight," he answered slowly.

But her heart was not so easily deceived as her ear. "There is something under your words," she said. "What is it?"

"I am not going to fight," he replied gravely, "but to punish. There is a limit." Even while he spoke she remembered in what circumstances those words had been used. "He has the blood of four on his head, and another lies at death's door. And he is not satisfied. Once I warned him. Today the time for warning is past the hour for judgment is come. God forgive me if I err, for vengeance is His and it is terrible to be His hand. He turned to Phelim. "My sword is broken," he said. "Fetch me the man's sword who lies upstairs."

Phelim went, awe-stricken and marvelling. Morty remained, marvelling also. And Flavia—but as she tried to speak, Payton's shadow came into sight at the entrance gates and went slowly by, and she clapped her hand on her mouth that she might not scream. Colonel Sullivan saw the action, understood, and touched her softly on the shoulder. "Pray," he said. "pray."

"For you!" she cried in a voice that, to those who had ears, betrayed her heart. "Ah, I will pray!"

"No, for him," he replied. "For him now. For me when I return."

She dropped on her knees before a chair, and, shuddering, hid her face in her hands. And almost at once she knew that they were gone, and that she was alone in the room.

Then, whether she prayed most or listened most, or the very intensity of her listening was itself prayer, she never knew; but only that, when in the agony of her suspense she raised her head from the chair to hear if there was news, the common sounds of afternoon life lashed her with a dreadful irony. The low whirr of a spinning wheel, a girl's distant chatter, the cluck of a hen in the courtyard, the satisfied grunt of a roving pig, all bore home to her the bitter message that, whatever happened, and though nightfall found her lonely in a dishonored home, life would proceed as usual, the men and the women about her would eat and drink and the smallest things would stand where they stood now.

What was that? Only the fall of a spit in the kitchen. Would they never come? Would she never know? That surely was something. They were returning! In a moment she would know. She rose to her feet and stared with stony eyes at the door. But when she had listened long—it was nothing. Nothing! And then—ah, that surely was something! They were coming now. In a moment she would know. She pressed her hands to her breast.

She might have known already, for had she gone to the door she would have seen who came. But she could not go.

And he, when he came in, did not look at her. He walked from the threshold to the hearth, and—strange coincidence—he set the unsheathed blade he carried in the self-same angle, beside the fire-back, from which she had once taken a sword to attempt his life. And still he did not look at her, but stood with bowed head.

At last he turned. "God forgive us all," he said.

She broke into wild weeping. And what her lips, babbling incoherent thanksgiving, did not tell him, the clinging of her arms, as she hung on him, conveyed.

CHAPTER XXV.

Peace.

Uncle Ulick, with the mud of the road on his boots, and the curls still stiff in his wig which the town barber at Mallow had dressed for him, rubbed his chin with his hand, and owned himself puzzled. Had his absence run into months instead of weeks the lapse of time had not sufficed to explain the change which he felt, but could not define, in his surroundings.

Certainly old Darby looked a thought more trim, and the room a trifle better ordered than he had left them. But the change did not stop there—perhaps did not begin there. Full of news of the outer world as he was, he caught himself pausing in mid-career to question himself, and his eyes scanned his companions' faces for the answer his mind refused to give.

An insolent Englishman had come, and, after running Luke Asgill through the body, had paid the penalty—in fight so fair that the very troopers who had witnessed it could make no complaint nor raise trouble. So much Uncle Ulick had learned. But he had not known Peyton, and, exciting as the episode sounded, it did not explain the difference in the atmosphere of the house. Where he had left suspicion, and a silent table, he found smiles, and easiness, and a cheerful sense of well being.

Again he looked about him. "And where will James be?" he asked.

"He has left us," Flavia said, with her eyes on Colonel Sullivan.

"It's away to Galway City he is," Morty O'Beirne explained with a chuckle.

"The saints be between us and harm," Uncle Ulick exclaimed in astonishment. "And why's he there?"

"The story is long," said Colonel Sullivan.

"But I can tell it in a few words," Flavia continued with dignity. 'And the sooner it is told the better. He has not behaved well, Uncle Ulick, and at his request and with—the legal owner's consent—it's I have agreed to pay him one-half of the value of the property."

"The deuce you have!" Uncle Ulick exclaimed in greater astonishment. And, pushing back his seat and rubbing his huge thigh with his hand, he looked from one to another. "By the powers! if I may take the liberty of saying so, young lady, you've done a vast deal in a very little time—faith, in no time at all, at all!" he added.

"It was done at his request," Flavia answered, gravely.

Uncle Ulick continued to rub his thigh and to stare. These things were very surprising. "And they're telling me," he said, "that Luke Asgill's in bed upstairs?"

"He is."

"And recovering?"

"He is, glory be!"

"Nor that same's not the best news of him," Morty said with a grin. "Nor the last."

"True for you!" Phelim cried, "if it was the last word you spoke!"

"What are you meaning?" Uncle Ulick asked.

"He's turned," said Morty. "No less! Turned! He's what his father was before him, Mr. Sullivan—come back to Holy church, and not a morning but Father O'Hara's with him."

"Turned!" Uncle Ulick cried. "Luke Asgill, the justice? Boys, you're making fun of me!"

"And, unable to believe what the O'Beirne's told him, he looked to Flavia for confirmation.

"It is true," she said.

"Bedad, it is?" Uncle Ulick replied. "Then I'll not be surprised in all my life again! More by token, there's only one thing left to hope for, my jewel, and that's certain. Cannot you do the same to the man that's beside you?"

Flavia glanced quickly at Colonel John, then, with a heightened color, she looked again at Uncle Ulick. "That's what I cannot do," she said.

But the blush and smile that accompanied it, and something perhaps in the way she hung toward her neighbor as she turned to him, told Uncle Ulick all. The big man smacked the table with his hand till the platters leaped from the board.

"Holy poker!" he cried, "is it that you're meaning? And I felt it, and I didn't feel it, and you sitting there forenent me, and prating as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth! it is so, is it? But there, the red of your cheek is answer enough!"

For Flavia was blushing more brightly than before, and Colonel John was smiling, and the two young men were laughing openly.

"You must get Flavia alone," Colonel John said, "and perhaps she'll tell you."

"Bedad, it's true, and I felt it in the air," Ulick Sullivan answered, smiling all over his face. "Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Indeed you've not been idle while I've been away. But what does Father O'Hara say, eh?"

"The Father——" Flavia began in a small voice.

"Ay, what does the Father say?"

"He says," Flavia continued, looking down demurely, "that it's a rare stick that's no gend in it, and—and 'tis a very little use looking for it on a dark night. Besides, he——" she glanced at her neighbor, "he said he'd be master, you know, and what could I do?"

"Then it's the very wrong way he's gone about it!" Uncle Ulick cried, with a chuckle. "For there's no married man that I know that's master! It's you, my jewel, have put the comether on him, and I'll trust you to keep it there!"

But into that we need not go. Our task is done. Whether Flavia's high spirit and her husband's gravity traveled the road together in unbroken amity, or with no more than the jars which the accidents of life occasion, it does not fall within this story to tell. Probably the two had their bickerings which did not sever love. But one thing may be taken for granted—in that part of Kerry the King over the Water, if his health was sometimes drunk of an evening stirred up no second trouble. Nor, when the '45 convulsed Scotland and shook England to its center, did one man at Morristown raise his hand or lose his life. For so much, at least that windswept corner of Kerry, beaten year in and year out by the Atlantic rollers, had to thank Colonel Sullivan.

Nor for that only. In many unnamed ways his knowledge of the world blessed those about him. And, above all, his neighbors owned the influence of one who, with a reputation gained at the sword's point, stood resolutely, at fairs and cockfights upon his own hearth for peace. More than a century was to elapse before private war ceased to be the amusement of the Irish gentry. But in that part of Kerry, and during a score of years, the name and weight of Colonel Sullivan, of Morristown, availed to quiet many a brawl and avert many a meeting.

To follow the mean of spirit beyond the point where their fortunes cease to be entwined with those of better men is a profitless task. James McMurrough, found wanting where all favored him, was not likely to rise above his nature where the odds were equal and all men his rivals. What he did in Galway City, how long he tarried there and whither he went afterward in the vain search for a place where a man could swagger without courage and ruffle it without consequences, it matters not to inquire.

Luke Asgill, who could rise as much above the McMurrough as he could fall below him, was redeemed, one may believe, by the good works that lurked in him. He lay many weeks on a sick bed, and returned to everyday life another man. For, whereas, he had succumbed a passionate lover of Flavia, he rose wholly cured of that passion. It had ebbed from him with his blood or waned with his fever. And, whereas, he had before sought both gain and power, restrained by as few scruples as the worst men of a bad age, he rose a pursuer of both but within bounds. Closefisted, as Father O'Hara's instance, he could open his hand. Hard, at the Father's prayer he would, at times, remit a rent or extend a bond. Ambitious, he gave up, for his soul's sake, the office which endowed him with power to oppress.

There were some who scoffed behind his back, but, in truth, as far as the man's reformation went, it was real. The hours he had passed in the presence of death, the thoughts he had had while life was low in him were not forgotten in his health. The strong nature, slow to take an impression, was stiff to regain it. A moody, silent man, going about his business with a face to match the sullen bogs of his native land, paid one tribute only to the woman he had loved and forgotten—he died a bachelor.

(THE END.)

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says that if any of our readers afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will send their address to him, he will gladly and without charge, direct them to the splendid remedy he so successfully used at home in his own case.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MAN AND HIS ENEMIES

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 3 Is "Paul a Prisoner—the Arrest." Acts 21:17—22:29.

By William T. Ellis.

In our quiet, commonplace life, safeguarded at every point by the appliances of civilization, few of us know what it is to experience a great adventure. It is out of the depths of our nature, therefore, that we hail such explorers as Cook and Shackleton and Peary and Sven Hadin, who have been at close grips with death, facing it as a familiar foe. Used as we are to the Apostle Paul merely as the author of great New Testament writings, we forget that he was one of these heroic, adventurous spirits who, turning their backs upon ease, have dared all the buffetings of perilous fortune. Paul had almost grown accustomed to the shouts of murderous mobs. He well knew the feel of rough hands clutching his clothes and his body—and anyone who has ever felt that sensation is not likely to forget it. He knew, as some sheltered persons know the caresses of loved ones, the stunning blows of stones thrown with deadly intent.

So it was no great shock to him when the mob cry suddenly arose around his ears in Jerusalem. He might have expected ease and comfort at this homecoming. Once again he was amid his brethren at the capital of his nation. Surely he had left behind, on his stormy travels, the perils and strife that had so often brought him nigh to death. But Paul was one of truth's adventurers, and nothing ever surprised him. He was prepared for any contingency.

The Value of Foes.

Some valiant teachers have pointed out the usefulness to every man of a few enemies. They teach him to keep his senses alert, and they cultivate his powers of self-restraint and resourcefulness. Because of them he must live watchfully, and prepared for any onset. Probably these teachers are right in assuming that a life in the midst of alarms is preferable to the soft and easy lot which seeks sedulously to avoid offense to evil as well as to good.

One point should ever be borne in mind with respect to enemies: Let all one's enemies be for truth's sake, and not on account of one's own personal meanness. Some men have enemies because their characters provoke the indignation of all wholesome-minded persons. They are disliked because they are unlikable. No doubt there are crooked sticks, tagged with a religious label, who think that they are persecuted for righteousness' sake, when it is only scorn of their own perversities that touches them. Paul was personally a lovable and attractive man. He was not hated for himself, but only for the cause that had been incarnated in his life. His foes were the foes of truth and righteousness and liberty.

The Mob Spirit.

Men who are individually sensible yet lose their heads in a crowd. The witlessness of mobs is as apparent as their lawlessness. It is seldom indeed that a mob does righteously. The old proverb writer shrewdly diagnosed human nature when he bade the reader not to "follow a multitude to do evil." Multitudes are prone to evil. The mob is unsafe because it lacks balance, self-restraint, and judgment. The cry upon which the Apostle Paul was mobbed as he went up to the Jerusalem temple, after his three missionary journeys, was actually a mistaken one. But then it is not uncommon in this western world for the wrong men to be lynched. Paul was accused of profaning the tempde, whereas he had really done no such thing.

The worst foe of justice and civilization is the mob spirit. It is a return to unrestrained barbarism. A current magazine article points out Britan's great glory by contrasting legal procedure on the two sides of the Canadian border. Wherever British law runs, there goes respect for orderly legal processes. Private vendetta cannot exist under the British flag. So important to our times is this truth of the sanctity of the law that it needs to be taught in Sunday schools as of more worth than many pious remarks that suggest themselves in connection with this lesson. If the next generation is to rise above the lawlessness which has characterized the present one, they must learn how and why in the Sunday schools and public schools of today.

Rome to the Rescue.

Paul was in the hands of a mob bent on killing him. We can almost hear the tumult of that turbaned rabble. The roar which is the voice of all mobs in action, so that whoever has heard it once can never mistake it again, rose above the city's normal sounds. Occasionally there was the shrill shriek of some high-voiced and excited man. Frenzied individuals capered as in delirium about the edges of the crowd. Men pulled one another away in order to get a chance at the helpless prisoner. The latter, quickly borne to the ground, was jumped upon and kicked and beaten in a fury of wild unreason. Judgment, dignity, and manliness had been thrown to the winds.

Suddenly, into the midst of this wild scene came on the double quick the Roman guard. Rome stood for law. Her soldiers were the embodiment of orderly procedure. Before them the frenzied Jews scattered. The supposed criminal, although half dead, was loaded with double chains, for surely, reasoned his rescuers, he must be some monstrous one, so to excite the city. The commander of the soldiers attempted an investigation on the spot, but a mob cannot give a reason for its existence. So to the barracks he proceeded with his prisoner.

When Knowledge Counts.

Here Paul's cultivation as a man of the world came to his help. Whatever extra accomplishment a person may acquire, be it the finger speech of the deaf and dumb, a bit of French or of pidgin English, or knowledge of how to make a bed or a camp fire, or to shoot a gun or to tie a knot, comes in with opportune usefulness on some occasion. No knowledge is ever lost. The cultivated man has this advantage over the ignorant, that he is armed at so many more points with skill and knowledge.

When his prisoner, after wiping the blood from his lips, quietly spoke in polished Greek, the colonel stood amazed. This was the speech of a man of breeding, spoken as by one who was used to the ways of best society. Thus it came about that cosmopolitan Paul was given an opportunity to address the multitude—which meant more to him than all the incidents of the preceding riot. He was willing to be mobbed if thereby he might have opportunty to preach.

A Speech to a Mob.

Dignified, despite his bedraggled raiment and his bleeding face, Paul stood on the stairway and confronted the multitude that had so lately sought his life. A moment before he had spoken to the Roman soldier in Greek. Now he talks in the tongue of the temple, and the fact that he spoke Hebrew gave him a hearing. What would you say in a like case? Would it not be natural that Paul should attempt to justify himself, or to prove his own innocence? He did nothing of the sort. Instead he told his own story, for a personal experience is the supremely interesting utterance of everybody. It is a common saying that every man's experience would make at least one book. Nothing is of such absorbing interest as real life. Paul spoke with worldly wisdom when he began to tell his own life story. Moreover, no man can ever preach above his own experience. He may try to, but the only utterance which will find lodgment in his hearers' hearts will be that which has come out of his own life.

So the dramatic biography of the great apostle poured forth torrentially from his eloquent lips. The multitude heard him in silence until he came to the point where he declared that Jesus had appointed him as an ambassador to the Gentiles. Then religious prejudice flamed forth afresh. There is no reason in bigotry. When their sectarian zeal was affected the Jews would hear no more of Paul's message. Instead, they drowned his voice in the cry which his Master, Jesus, had heard in the same neighborhood: "Away with him."

It is a singular coincidence that this shout arose about Paul's ears for the same reason that it assailed Jesus. The Jews could not bear the thought of a bigger religion than their traditional conception. They had crucified Christ for teaching an extra-Judean gospel, and now they would make away with his disciple for the same reason. What a commentary upon the scene the centuries have afforded! Paul's outreaching gospel is marching in triumph to the ends of the earth; while the Jews themselves no longer possess their own city. The mob cry has been stilled. But throughout all the earth there arise daily songs of adoration to the name of Him who came to save Gentile as well as Jew.

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The Tennis Champion Says

MAY SUTTON

Tells American Girls How to Be Healthy and Graceful.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Don't drink coffee.
Don't drink tea.
Don't exercise too much.

These three don'ts constitute the advice of Miss May Sutton, champion woman tennis player of the world, to girls who would go in seriously and systematically for athletics.

Eat what you want.
Take long walks.
Get all the fresh air you can.

These are the three rules Miss Sutton lays down for girls who desire merely to be strong and healthy.

The little champion recently appeared on courts in San Francisco in a series of exhibition matches. It had been reported that she was not in the best of health, but she gave no indication of having "gone back," playing her strong game that made her world's champion, with her same old dash and accuracy.

At the close of the series Miss Sutton was asked to tell what system of training she had found most effective and what, in her opinion, is the best form of exercise and diet for the average American girl. In part, she said:

"While I advocate hearty eating, I cannot say too much against the use of tea or coffee. They are nerve destroyers and no one can be healthy who persists in their use.

"Too much exercise is as bad as too little. Walking is the best exercise there is. Early each morning, after drinking a glass of hot water, dressed in loose clothing, I walk for nearly an hour.

"Athletics should receive some attention from every girl. If her time precludes the playing of tennis or golf she should take long walks in the open air, both before the morning and evening meal, throwing the head and shoulders back and taking long, deep draughts of that which money cannot buy, but is in reach of the poor as well as the rich—pure air.

"Pure air and a moderate amount of exercise I cannot too strongly impress upon girls as being the only secret of health and grace. Medicine for that out-of-sorts feeling may cause girls to imagine they feel all right, but what they really need is more fresh aid and not quite so much sitting around the house in tight-fitting clothes, as a great many of them do."

Miss Sutton is declared by physicians to be a perfect athlete. Tennis expert declare that every movement is "a picture."—Lexington (Ky.) Leader.

"Don't Drink Coffee
"Don't Drink Tea
"Don't Exercise Too Much"

Very easy when you know how much more satisfactory

POSTUM

is, as a morning cup.

A hot, steaming cup of Postum is as invigorating and bracing as coffee. But instead of caffeine-wrecked nerves, headaches and heart troubles that overtake the coffee drinker, Postum furnishes a liquid food which strengthens head and body.

A ten days' trial of well-made Postum (boiled 15 minutes) convinces.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nouishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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FREE CURE

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Write me today

Despairing Sufferer—are you anxious to be relieved instantly and permanently of your loathsome and dangerous disease? Do you yearn for the day when you will be free from agonizing coughing, frantic gasping, horrible fainting spells, nasty hawking and spitting, and sickening foul breath? Then take heart! Grasp this opportunity! Send for my Free Trial Treatment at once. It has cured hundreds of others. No matter how chronic your case, no matter if doctors, douches, smoke powders, inhalers, etc., have all failed, no matter if you are so exhausted that you can hardly walk, or whether you have not been able to get a night's sleep for months, write me today.

My "Home Treatment" will almost instantly cleanse the system of all impurities, and give you again the joyous impulse of new life. It stops that dripping in throat and heals scabs in nose. Send for Free Trial Treatment now. Delay is dangerous. The deadly germs of Consumption breed nowhere so easily as in the foul slime of Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. If you value your life and happiness send me your name and address and those of afflicted friends, if you know of any, and I will mail you Free Trial Treatment in plain wrapper. Write me now while you think of it. T. GORHAM, 288 Gorham Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would be pleased to get a recipe for putting up olives, to keep them during the winter.—C., New London, Mo.

When is the best time to plant ginseng seeds? What age should the plants be to get the best results from roots?—S., Floyd, Va.

I would be pleased to know best fertilizer for apple trees; also the best method of spraying trees. I have an orchard that needs trimming. What is the best time? Give a recipe for best spraying material. How often should spraying be done?—H., Jasonville, Md.

I want reliable information in regard to the use of fertilizers for crops, such as corn, wheat, oats, peas, etc. Would like to get the opinion of some farmer who has had experience and got results. I have never used any fertilizer and know nothing about it.—B., Whitmore, Mich.

GRAPE ROT

Quite a bit of trouble was experienced this year by growers of Concord grapes, because of the rotting of the grapes on the vine. In some instances farmers lost their entire grape crop while nearby neighbors hardly suffered at all.

There are several kinds of rot that affects grapes. The two that are most troublesome in the central west are the black rot and the white rot. The former gets in its work early in the season, causing small, dark sunken spots. The white rot, which is the worst grape pest of all, comes a few weeks before the fruit ripens and spreads rapidly. The fruit takes on a brownish color and then begins to shrivel up, turning lighter in color as the process goes on.

It is well for our readers to study up on these two fungus diseases and be prepared to fight them another year. You must spray and spray thoroughly early in the season with Bordeaux mixture. This will destroy the black rot and greatly lessen the evil wrought by the white rot. Spraying should be done the last of April, the middle of May and the first of June.

LATE CHICKENS

Any time during September is a good time to hatch late chickens for family use or for the late market. The pullets hatched in September, if kept until March or April, will make exceptionally good summer layers, and will usually continue to lay during the fall, when the spring hatched pullets are moulting, and when eggs are scarce and high.

But late hatched chickens cost more to raise and are much more trouble. They must have plenty of good, warm houses and dry sheds for the bad days. Their food must be wholesome and the conditions must be, as near as possible, those of summer. They should not be kept in houses where old fowls are kept, and should have a separate place where they are fed. If they are cared for properly they will be half grown before the extremely cold weather sets in, and from then on until spring they will not suffer. Eat or sell the males as soon as they are large enough so that the pullets will have all the room possible.

HEALTHY FOWLS

Poultry, as a rule, are of a hardy nature. If properly cared for they will remain strong and vigorous.

The nature of the fowls must be studied and every comfort given. Comfortable houses must be provided. A house so constructed that it will practically be an open shed in summer and a warm and yet well ventilated house in winter—free from drafts and safe from the cold winds and stormy weather—would be ideal.

The nearer you keep poultry in the natural state the more hardy they will be.

There is danger in houses built so that scarcely a breath of air can enter. Again, such places are often overcrowded, and the fowls sweat while on the roost at night, a condition that quickly brings on colds. Fully two-thirds of the cases of roup are due to overcrowding in close, badly ventilated houses.

The effect of the different articles of food, as well as the manner of feeding, must be studied. To feed a diet of corn or other heat-producing foods during the summer is apt to bring on a diseased condition about as quickly as poor housing. Entirely too much corn and not enough variety, a proper blending of nitrogenous and carbonaceous material—is fed. An exclusive diet of any one grain forms closely resembling cholera. The bowels are the best indicators of condition. When the droppings are of a brownish color, capped with white, they denote the food is agreeable.

Fowls must not be overfed. They should have only what they will eat up clean.

Cleanliness is an important factor in maintaining health. It should be made a rule daily to gather up the droppings and cover the dropping boards under the roosts with sifted coal ashes or dirt. Plenty of kerosene should be used on the roosts and in the nest boxes; every spring and fall the interior of the houses should be whitewashed, and several times a year the premises fumigated by burning sulphur. The drinking fountains, too, must be kept clean, and the water never allowed to become stagnant.

Cleanliness will not only keep out disease germs, but will also give a fatal blow to the prosperity of the lice. Lice weaken poultry, and in this condition the latter become easy prey to disease.

All droopy, ailing fowls should at once be isolated. For this purpose it is well to have cages built in a separate building.

LEAVES KILL CATTLE

The stockmen grazing their cattle on the national forests in the southwest, especially in Colorado and New Mexico, have suffered serious losses during the present summer through the cattle eating oak leaves.

In that section of the country the season has been unusually dry and grass extremely scarce. To eke out the scanty forage supply the cattle have browsed heavily on the scrub oak which covers large portions of the range. Ordinarily the stock does not browse much on the scrub oak and the little they do get, taken with the other food, is not injurious, but when, as in the present season, the oak browse furnishes a large proportion of the daily food of the cattle the results are serious.

The oak leaves and sprouts contain a large percentage of tannic acid. The action of this acid on the stomach is extremely injurious and the losses have been unusually severe. The symptoms of the disease are staring eyes, feverish and blistered lips and nose; the animal ceases to graze or seek food, standing in one place for hours at a time. The coat becomes rough and the hair is all turned the wrong way, as in cases of loco poisoning. The animal does not chew its cud and in a comparatively short time it becomes too weak to remain on its feet and death rapidly follows.

So far as is known the only available remedy for this trouble is linseed oil given as a drench in amounts from one to two quarts. The oil appears to overcome the injurious effects of the tartaric acid and if the disease is not advanced too far the animal can be furnished sufficient food so it will not be forced to eat the oak, it will generally recover. The best method, of course, in handling the trouble is, if possible, to get the cattle away from the range where the oak is found and furnish them with plenty of fresh green food to build up again.

HOGGING DOWN CORN

With the scarcity and high price of farm labor there is no better way of harvesting corn than to hog it down. The custom of hogging down corn in the fall of the year has been practiced for a great many years on American farms, but it is only of recent years that farmers have come to know its definite value, says the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

At some of the experiment stations and on private farms a certain definite acreage of corn has been fenced off and a number of hogs turned in to eat the corn. The hogs were weighed when they were turned in and again weighed when they had cleaned up the corn of a definite area. This gave the exact gains the hogs made on the corn. In most cases cash net gain has amounted to as much or more than the market value of the corn, which makes it an economical method of disposing of corn, since the harvesting and marketing are saved.

An Ohio farmer turned 122 pigs, weighing 82 to 156 pounds each, in a 10 acre field of corn in September. The corn would have yielded about 60 bushels to the acre, and there were some pumpkins and green clover available in the run. The hogs gained 6,522 pounds in 28 days and being sold at $5.15 per 100 pounds, they made the corn bring 52 cents per bushel, or $32.61 per acre, while the market value of the corn at the time and place was only 40 cents, an evident gain over harvesting and selling the corn.

A Kansas farmer makes a practice of hogging down corn by the use of a portable fence and last year made his corn thus fed net him 41½ cents a bushel At the present price of hogs these same two men would have their corn net them from 60 cents to 75 cents a bushel in the field without the expense of harvesting and marketing it, which amounts to a considerable sum, often from 10 to 15 per cent. of the value of the crop. One man claims that for the cost of harvesting a 40 acre field of corn a hog tight fence can be built around the field, where a cattle fence, barbed wire, is already there.

Another value in hogging down corn at maturity in the fall is the enriching of the soil with the droppings of the animals. The value of the fertilizer amounts to much, either when the same land is to be planted to corn the following year or to be used for other crops. The manure is well distributed through necessity of the animals feeding evenly over the entire area, and the breaking and trampling down of the stocks places them in a position to be quickly acted upon by the fall and winter rains and to be in an advanced stage of decomposition at plowing time the following spring. Corn stocks lying on the ground over winter will decay more quickly than where allowed to stand, and that on the ground they will hold the soil from erosion on sloping or hilly land. At the time for hogging down corn the soil usually is comparatively dry hence little or no damage is done from the pasturing.

SIZES OF EGGS

The farmer who sells his eggs at the store will not for the present receive much encouragement in his efforts to sort out his largest eggs and sell separately from the smaller eggs. Dealers have not yet gotten to the point where they will pay a higher price for large eggs than for the smaller ones. The time will come, however, when eggs will be sold by weight. Then the man who produces large eggs will get his reward. But a general improvement in the grade of poultry for egg production will result in higher prices.

In the section of the country where scrub poultry is maintained, egg prices are lower than in localities where high grade poultry is kept. A general observance of care in gathering eggs, resulting in fewer rots and spots, will raise the average price. An egg dealer a few days ago advised that southern Kansas and Oklahoma eggs sell for less than north

ETHING NEW, DIFFERENT, UNEXPECTED, WONDERFUL

Readers listen sharp! Don't miss. Investigate. Here's the best thing ever happened. Hundreds of years coming—here at last—so startling you may not believe it at first—yet absolutely true.

NIOUS OHIOAN INVENTS

A NEW DEVICE THAT CLEANS FAMILY WASHING IN 30 TO 50 MINUTES WHILE YOU REST.

No Rubbing. No Chemicals. No Motor. No Wash Machine.

Astonishing but true. Proven facts. No Experiment. Circulars give full details. Thousands praise it. NO SUCH DEVICE SOLD IN STORES. Unlike anything you've seen or heard of.

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FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

A Splendid Opportunity for Our Readers to Make Money, Both Men and Women. Write Today.

en have many of our lady readers the death of wash-day troubles, clothes without rubbing, ruining s, etc.—for the man to cut wash-

a genius of Cincinnati has in- ew device that is proving a bless- men folks. Made wash day, wash ies all over—changed wash house— new way of cleaning clothes—as- but true. A family washing can ne in 30 to 50 minutes, while with less work than getting a meal. No backache, headache, heartache—much less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding—no injury to clothes—no **drudgery**—that's past. Goodbye wash boards, washing machines, etc. Throw them away. The easy way of cleaning clothes is here to bless our dear women.

vention that **killed wash-day** trou- amed **Easy Way.** Name tells the —easy on clothes, easily used, handled; easy on women, makes easy.

ow Simple, Different, Easy.

Way on any stove; add water, then clothes; that's all. In 5 to clothes clean. Laundries clean thout rubbing—the Easy Way does at your home. Dirt removed au- ally, except to move knob occasional- ly unlike old methods. Scarcely to do but wait between batches. Way develops energy by mechan- ication associated with hot water, d steam, soap-suds and scalding lised as a compound force all in a closed metal compartment.

It is a caution how the Easy Way goes after dirt—gently, but thoroughly. Surprises all who see. Sounds strange, may be hard to believe—but listen, the writer saw it demonstrated—it's all true. No experiment—going on daily. Thousands are in use and customers are delighted. It not only **cleans** ubbing white goods, finest laces, ed clothes—but also woolens, flan- kets and colored clothes. Saves labor, clothes, buttons, strength, lth and money, because there is , wear, tear or injury. No soggy ling wood, but all metal—strong, nitary, light in weight. Always child can use it. It will therefore hat the Easy Way does in one op- s combined work of wash boiler, and and washing machine, and in minutes cleans a washing which ok entire day.

HOUSANDS A WEEK.

at the factory in Cincinnati, the nd that this invention has caused e excitement all over the U. S. already rushed with thousands of Evidently the company's agents ig big money as they offer good nts to active agents and will also e sample to those who mean busi-

be noticed from the engraving, y Way Washer is different from device for cleaning clothes. ction very simple—easily and safe- d by anyone, and built on the ntific principles.

HOUSANDS PRAISE IT.

tter was shown hundreds of letters ual users of this grand invention, t a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction. The following extracts may interest our readers:

J. W. Myers, of Ga., orders 12 more and says: **"Greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash-day.** I am ready to have my old washer accompany all others to the dump." J. McGee, Tenn., writes: "One young lady cleaned day's washing by old methods, in one hour with Easy Way, another in 45 minutes." A. P. Pompleton, N. Y.: **"Greatest invention on earth.** Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and finest laces." Walter Glenn, Ohio: "Far superior to any other method. Cleans clothes perfectly **without rubbing.**" H. E. Conley, N. C., writes: "Ship 25 Easy Ways. Been out one day—have 12 orders. Beats all other washers." Mrs. Celestia Thompson, Ind.: "Easy Way exceeds all expectations. Best device I ever saw, have used washing machines 39 years." I. Beck, Ga., writes: "Enclose order. Easy Way as represented. Worked 4 days, have 15 orders." J. H. Barrett, of Ark., after ordering 38 "Easy Ways" says: "I don't understand why it does the work, but it does—you have the **grandest invention I ever heard of.**" L. D. Hendricks, of Ill.: "Beats anything I ever heard of." F. E. Post, of Pa.: "Received Easy Way—done a two weeks' washing in 45 minutes—clothes cleaned without any rubbing. You don't recommend them high enough." E. N. Elliott, N. C.:

Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes: "Received Easy Way today. Done big washing with it in 45 minutes. Sold 3 already." H. C. Smith, Va.: "Easy Way perfectly satisfactory. Does all claimed. Friends delighted; would hardly believe their eyes."

This invention must indeed be wonderful; yes, a God-send, that requires less than an hour to clean a wash which before took an entire day.

Cleans without rubbing, squeezing or without lime, acids or other chemicals.

The writer personally saw an Easy Way in operation, and after using one in his own home is delighted with it, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that the Easy Way made by the Cincinnati firm seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee every one to be satisfactory or money refunded.

HOW TO GET ONE

It is not sold in stores. Write to the

Harrison Mfg. Co.,

136 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,

the only manufacturers of this grand invention. Send no money—simply your name and address, and they will send you circulars giving full description and testimonials from thousands of users. The price of the Easy Way, complete, ready for use, with full directions, so anyone can operate it, is only $6.00. If you prefer to order at once, do so—you won't be disappointed, as the makers fully guarantee every Easy Way, and will refund your money if not perfectly satisfactory to you. They are reliable, backed by a capital of $100,000, have been in business for years and do just as they agree. Don't fail to send for circulars anyway.

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

The firm wants agents, salesmen, managers, men and women—all or part time—at home or traveling, taking orders and appointing agents. Offers splendid inducements, $30.00 to $50.00 a week. Easy Way new. Nothing else like it. World unsupplied; 5 million to be sold. Where operated people stop, get excited, watch it; 12 sec. to buy. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more and says: "Everybody wants one; best business I ever had." F. S. Wishart, N. C., sold 8 in 4 hours—(profit $24.00). R. O. Cowan, N. Y., sold 13 in 6 hours—(profit $39.00). W. C. Wilson sold 7 in half a day—(profit $21.00). W. R. Stephenson, Texas, ordered 244 in 60 days. Only 2 sales a day makes $36.00 weekly profit. One agent in Russia just ordered 1,000.

Why should any of our readers be hard up or poor with such a chance at hand. Better write today for free sample Easy Way Vacuum Washer Offer, agents' plan, etc., and show the world what you can do. Address: Harrison Mfg. Co.,

136 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FREE TO ALL HEART SUFFERERS

I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. The Tablets are not a secret or patent medicine, and I will freely tell you just what is in them. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

Through ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lungs, kidneys, or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. The symptoms are easy to find if you only look for them. If you have any one—even only one—take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

SYMPTOMS—NATURE'S DANGER WARNINGS

Read them slowly and carefully, applying each one to your case

Does your heart pain you, flutter, or skip beats?

Have you shortness of breath upon going up stairs, walking, talking, or singing?

Are you troubled with dizziness, fainting spells, nervousness, or spots before the eyes?

Do you suddenly start in your sleep or have nightmare?

Do you have hungry or weak spells?

Is there an oppressed feeling in the chest or choking sensation in your throat?

Are your feet or hands cold?

Do you have dropsy or swelling of the feet or ankles (one of the surest signs)?

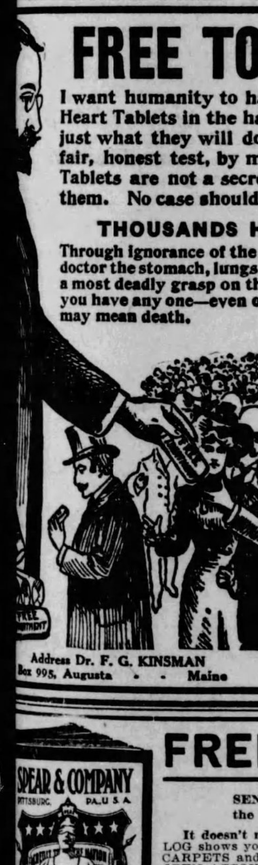
Are you subject to neuralgia around the heart?

Is it hard at times for you to breathe?

Is it painful to lie on your left side?

WHAT OTHERS SAY

There is no part of the country from which remarkable cures have not been made—cases pronounced incurable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 1,000 recent testimonials and endorsements—every one guaranteed genuine—will be sent with the free treatment. You may find among them the name of some friend or neighbor, and thus personally verify my statements.



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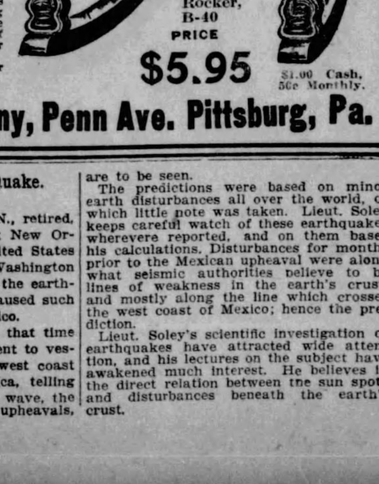

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We will send $1 and we will ship one "CUPID ROCKER" of solid oak, handsomely upholstered in spring seat, front posts have clever design, while front panel has a "cupid head" deeply carved in relief. The upholstered back is shaped and has spring cushioned front. We are the only manufacturers of the "Cupid Rocker." Order today.

References—Any Bank or Express Company in United States.

Spear & Company, Penn Ave. Pittsburg, Pa.

Retold the Mexican Quake.

Kansas Times-Democrat.

John C. Soley, U. S. N., retired, United States hydrographer at New Orleans wrote letters to the United States hydrographic department in Washington in which he predicted the earthquake and sea waves which caused such havoc a week ago in Mexico.

Some of letters he wrote at that time suggesting that warnings be sent to vessels in the waters of the west coast of Mexico and Central America, telling them to beware of a great sea wave, the result, of course, of seismic upheavals, are to be seen.

The predictions were based on minor earth disturbances all over the world, of which little note was taken. Lieut. Soley keeps careful watch of these earthquakes wherevere reported, and on them bases his calculations. Disturbances for months prior to the Mexican upheaval were along what seismic authorities believe to be lines of weakness in the earth's crust, and mostly along the line which crosses the west coast of Mexico; hence the prediction.

Lieut. Soley's scientific investigation of earthquakes have attracted wide attention, and his lectures on the subject have awakened much interest. He believes in the direct relation between the sun spots and disturbances beneath the earth's crust.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffic address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GOVERNMENT WHITEWASH

Will you please give the formula for government whitewash?—J. W. H., Castlewood, Va.

Slack one-half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three prounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painters' or whitewash brushes. Coloring may be put in and made of any shade. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. Finely pulverized common clay well mixed with Spanish brown, will make a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes farther and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. The darkness of the shades is determined by the quantity of the coloring used. Green must not be mixed with lime.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON

Please give a short sketch of the life of General Sam Houston.—B. C. C., Taswell. Ind.

Gen. Sam Houston, ex-president of Texas, was born in 1793. He enlisted as a common soldier in the war of 1812. He was chosen ensign, and fought under Jackson with a courage which won his lasting friendship. In 1823 he was elected a member of congress, and in 1827 governor of Tennessee. In 1829 he married the daughter of an ex-congressman. In the following April, for reasons never made public, he abandoned his wife, country and civilization, and was adopted as a son by the chief of the Cherokee nation, and was formally admitted as a chief. In 1832 he went to Washington and procured the removal of several United States Indian agents on charges of fraud. The Texan war offered a new field to his ambition. Houston was made commander-in-chief. The Americans at first sustained some severe defeats. Houston fought the remarkable and decisive battle of San Jacinto, on April 21, 1836. He, at one blow, annihilated the Mexican army and achieved the independence of Texas. The hero of San Jacinto was elected first president of Texas, and re-elected in 1841. On the annexation of Texas to the United States, in 1845, he was sent to the national senate, where he remained until 1859, when he was elected governor of Texas. He opposed secession, but retired to private life when he found that opposition was useless. He died 1863.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Mrs. Humphry Ward?—J. C. B., Utica, O.

Mary Augusta Arnold Ward, the English novelist, was born June 11, 1851. She was the daughter of Thomas Arnold, the second son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Augby. In 1872 Miss Arnold was married to Thomas Humphry Ward. At the time she was born her father lived in Tasmania. He held an educational post there, but gave up that position when he became a Roman Catholic, and returned to England in 1856, and there his daughter was educated. Her father held several appointments there, but after 1885 he settled at Oxford, where she had also lived with her husband until they went to London in 1888. Her long residence in Oxford and consequent familiarity with the intellectual atmosphere of the university no doubt gave her that inclination toward ethical discussion which has so markedly influenced the character of her writing. In 1890 she was one of the principal founders of University Hall, a settlement among the poor in one of the districts of London. In the work of this settlement Mrs. Ward has put a vast amount of personal endeavor and thought. All of Mrs. Ward's novels display much intellectual power and intensity of moral purpose, and her influence upon the social and ethical thought of the last 10 or 15 years in England and the United States has not been inconsiderable.

LICK OBSERVATORY

Can you tell something about the Lick observatory?—G. G. B., Ava, Ill.

This observatory was founded in January, 1877, in pursuance of a deed of trust made by Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, September 21, 1875. The trustees were authorized to expend $700,000 in building an observatory and equipping it with a telescope "superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made," the surplus, if any, to go toward the endowment of the observatory, which was to become the property of the University of California. The site of the observatory was selected by Prof. Edward S. Holden, on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, and to test its suitability for the purpose the trustees had a temporary observatory made there, and authorized Professor Burnham, of Chicago, to make observations there. This gentleman reported the atmospheric and other conditions of the point eminently suited for the purpose. The land was granted by the United States, and Santa Clara county, in which the peak is situated, had an excellent road constructed, at a cost of $75,000, from valley to the top of the mountain. The observatory was first used though still incomplete, in noting the transit of Mercury, November 7, 1881. The telescopes were made by Alvin Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Mass. The smaller of these, of twelve-inch aperture, was placed in position in 1881. The larger one, of 36 inches, was completed in 1886. The lenses of this telescope are the largest and most perfect ever made, and their manufacture required the utmost skill. To exemplify the perfect accuracy sought, the following description is given of the manner in which the infinitisimal measurements required in grinding were attained: A gas jet was placed before a mirror which sent the rays of the light through a telescope to the great lens, thus magnifying the rays. The magnificent light, passing through the great lens, was still further immensely magnified, and, after having passed through the lens, it was observed through a second telescope, and thus further magnified. In this way the least failure of the great lens to concentrate perfectly was detected and there was also determined the amount of glass in it at any given point that had to be ground off in order to secure a perfect focus. Thus a measurement of the 2,000,000th part of an inch was obtained.

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THE DRY CELL

Will you please tell me what chemicals make up the dry cell?—J. W., Willis, Va.

Zinc and carbon plates are imbedded in a moist paste, which consists usually of one part of crystals of ammonium chloride, three parts of plaster of paris, one part of zinc oxide, one part of zinc chloride and two parts of water. The plaster of paris is used to make the plate rigid.

MEDEA

Will you please tell something about Medea?—J. K. C., Armstrong, Ill.

Medea was a character in Greek mythology. She was the daughter of Aetes, king of Colchis, and, like her father, was learned in magic and sorcery. When Jason and his band of Argonauts came to Colchis in search of the golden fleece, which had been left in charge of Aetes, Medea fell in love with the young hero. The precious fleece was hung up in a grove, where it was guarded by a pair of bulls that breathed fire and a dragon that never slept. Jason was told that he could not have the fleece until he had yoked the bulls and plowed the ground by their help, and sowed therein the teeth of the dragon. Jason performed these difficult tasks by the help of Medea's enchantments. She gave him an ointment, which, rubbed over his body, protected him from the fiery breath of the bulls and aided him to kill the dragon. Then, when a throng of armed men sprang from the earth where the dragon's teeth were sown, she told him to throw a stone among them so they could begin to fight one another, while Jason could escape with the fleece. Jason hastened to his ship and Medea went with him and took her young brother Absyrtus. King Aetes pursued the Argo in a swift vessel, but as he gained upon that ship, Medea killed her brother Absyrtus, and threw his limbs one by one into the sea. Aetes stopped to pick them up, and so the Argonauts got away. Medea went to Greece with Jason and became his wife, but after some years he deserted her for Creusa, daughter of the king of Corinth. In revenge Medea killed the two children that she had borne to Jason, and sent to Creusa a poisoned dress, which burst into flame when the sunlight fell upon it and burned the young bride to death. Medea then fled to to Athens, where she married King Aegeus and became quite famous for her wisdom and knowledge of sorcery. The fable says further that she had a son to Medus, who was the founder of the kingdom of the Medes.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS

Will you please name the national and legal holidays in the United States?—H. J. K., Fond du Lac, Wis.

There is no national holiday in this country. A holiday may be legal in one state and not in another. They are made such by the state legislation in the states and by acts of congress in the territories. The following are most of the legal holidays in the various states:

New Year's Day—In all the states and territories except Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North and South Carolina and Rhode Island. Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, January 8—In Louisiana. Lincoln's Birthday, February 12—in Louisiana. Washington's Birthday, February 22—In all the states and territories except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Texas, Oregon and Tennessee. Shrove Tuesday—In Louisiana and cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Ala. Anniversary of Texan Independence, March 2—In Texas. Fireman's anniversary, March 4—In Louisiana. Good Friday—In Florida, Louisiana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania. Memorial Day, April 26—In Georgia. Memorial Day, May 30—In Colorado, Massachpusetts, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and District of Columbia. Battle of San Jacinto, April 21—In Texas. Fourth of July—In all states and territories. General election day, generally on Tuesday after first Monday in November—In California, Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Carolina and Wisconsin. Thanksgiving Day, usually last Thursday in November—In all states and territories. Fast day, whenever appointed by the governors—In all the states and territories. Christmas Day—In all states and territories.

THE HANDKERCHIEF

Will the Question Bureau tell how the handkerchief first came to be used?—R. E. S., Ingalls, Okla.

Nothing is more curious in the history of handkerchiefs than the period when French women were supposed to be innocent of the existence of such an article, the handkerchief then being tabooed in polite conversation. It was beyond the daring of an actor or actress to exhibit a handkerchief on the stage, however tearful the dramatic situation might be. Mlle. Duchenois was brave enough to break the rule by carrying a handkerchief in her hand, but when the exigencies of the scene compelled an allusion to the obnoxious piece of cambric, she spoke of it as a "light tissue;" and years afterward cries of indignation saluted the utterances of the awful word in DeVigne's adaptations of Shakespeare. Josephine, the empress, brought this to an end. She had bad teeth, and to hide them she adopted the custom of carrying a small square handkerchief, bordered with costly lace, which she was constantly raising to her lips. The ladies of the court imitated this, and the handkerchief was elevated to the important position it has ever since maintained in the feminine toilet. After the Empress Josephine was divorced in 1809, she retired to her beautiful seat at Malmaison, where she and her ladies worked daily on embroidered handkerchiefs, which were frequently interchanged as tokens of friendship. One of white silk, embroidered in roses—the work of her own needle—she presented to the empress of Russia.

P. P. BLISS

Will you please give a short sketch of P. P. Bliss?—M. E. B., Kernersville, N. C.

Philip Paul Bliss, the composer and singer, was born July 9, 1838, and died December 29, 1876. His early life was spent on the farm and he was ten years of age before he ever heard a piano. At the age of 13 he joined the Baptist church. Up to 1855 he worked as a farmer and woodcutter, going to school now and then. The next year he had acquired enough education to allow him to teach school. In 1857 he attended a singing school for the first time. Three years later he entered the Normal Academy of Music at Geneseo, N. Y. His voice developed into a bass with great range and beauty, and in the winter of 1860 he started on his career by teaching music and composing songs, which, however, had little more than a local reputation. He then entered into an arrangement with a firm which engaged him to conduct music conventions in the northwestern states. Forming a friendship with an eminent evangelist, Bliss took considerable time in the composition of sacred music for the form of songs. In 1874 he gave up all other work to devote himself to conducting revival meetings. By his manly character, his winning address, his earnest spirit and his magnetic voice, he had great power over his audiences. Bliss was killed with his wife in a railway accident.

JOHN ADAMS

Is the Bureau able to give a sketch of the life of John Adams?—C. C. C., Maynard, Mass.

John Adams was born at Braintree, Mass., October 30, 1735. His father, also named John, was a farmer of small estate and a common school education. The subject of our notice was intended for the church, but himself evinced no inclination therefor, nor even for college advantages. In boyhood, being asked by his father to what occupation in life he preferred to be raised, he answered that of a farmer. Accordingly, the good man took him out next day upon the farm and gave him practical experience of the labors of the plow, the spade and the scythe. When the day ended so did the lad's ambition in that pursuit. In 1751, at the age of 15, John Adams was admitted as a student at Harvard college, and in 1755 was graduated a bachelor of arts. Still the father fondly hoped that the son would decide on the profession of the sacred desk, and induced him at last to engage in the study of theology, which, however, he pursued but a little way then turned to the law. In due time he assiduously employed himself in it practice. This proved ere long large and profitable. Many distinctions followed, including service in congress which continued till 1777, when he was chosen by that body a joint commissioner at the court of France with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee. In 1785 he was minister to England. In December, 1788, the first elections were held for carrying into execution the Constitution. George Washington was then unanimously chosen President, John Adams vice president, and both were re-chosen to the same offices four years after. At the expiration of that period Adams became President, and served one term most beneficially to the nation. John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, the same day of the death of Thomas Jefferson.

TEXAS

Will you please tell something about the settlement of the state of Texas?—G. F. D., Ingleside, N. Y.

LaSalle, the French explorer, erected a fort on Matagorda bay in 1687. A Spanish settlement and mission was formed in 1690 but was soon abandoned. In 1715 the country was settled by the Spaniards under the name of the New Philippines, and several missions established, but the Comanche and Apache Indians, the most warlike in America, hindered the progress of the country. In 1803 Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States. Texas claimed by both the United States and Spain became a disputed territory. From 1806 to 1816 settlements were formed and several attempts made to wrest the country from Spain. In one of these in 1813, 12 500 Americans and Mexicans were killed and 700 inhabitants of San Antonio. In 1820 Moses Austin, an American, got a large grant of lands in Texas from the Mexican government and commenced a settlement, but many of the settlers were of so lawless a character that in 1830 the government forbade any more Americans from coming into Texas. In 1833 a convention of settlers, 20 000 in number,, made an unsuccessful attempt to form an independent Mexican state; and in 1835 a provisional government was formed, Sam Houston chosen commander-in-chief and the Mexicans driven out of Texas. Santa Anna, president of Mexico, invading the country with an army of 7 500, after some successes, was routed at San Jacinto, April 21 and Texas became an independent republic, acknowledged in 1837 by the United States and in 1840 by England, France and Belgium. In December, 1845, Texas was annexed by the United States, but invaded by Mexico which had never acknowledged its independence, and thus originated the war with the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. M. B., Vestaburg, Mich., and E. Z. P., Sabina, Ohio: We have not space enough in these columns to answer your questions.

G. P., Petrolia, Pa.: See an attorney for what you want to know.

S. M., Hazel Dill, Ill.: Write to the Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

B. F. K. Given, W. Va.: We know nothing about the Patton resolution.

H. C. R.: Siler City, N. C.: We do not think any books have been published yet on the discovery of the north pole.

F. M. L., Sugar Branch, Ind.: Halley's comet will be visible to the naked eye some time in the year 1910.

W. M., Somerfield, Pa.: We do not know how many Lincoln pennies were coined. The government will make no more of them with the initials on like the last.

F. M., Davenport, Ia.: See a good attorney-at-law for the information you want.

A. F. T. Linden, Wis.: John, the Apostle, wrote the Gospels and the book of Revelation.

H. G. R., Newberry, Vt.: The battle of Lookout Mountain was fought on November 24, 1863.

C. I. A., Romona, Cal.: "Lead, Kindly Light," was the favorite hymn of President McKinley.

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Knox and Billiards.

Putnam's Magazine.

Once upon a time a writing man came over to Washington and spent a day in the White House with Mr. Roosevelt. Then he went away and wrote a whole book about the President, based on that day's observations. Men have known Mr. Knox for years and years, and could not, if their lives depended upon it, write of him 1,000 words of intimate characterization. Once, long ago, somebody seeking his anecdotal "side," wrote that he was a confirmed and brilliant devotee of the game of billiards. Today there is hardly a newspaper in the United States that has not at one time or another printed something about Secretary Knox's skill at billiards. As a matter of fact, he has never played the game. It is a problem with him today whether he shall become an expert at billiards or issue a sweeping denial of the stories that make him one.

Harvard Elms Are Doomed.

Boston Transcript.

Frequent reports that the stately elms in the Harvard yard could not much longer stand up under the ravages of various insects are confirmed by the college authorities, who declare that the trees now recovering from the defoliation by the elm leaf beetle are suffering even more through the boring of the leopard moth.

The elm leaf pest is not so active in the college yard or in Cambridge this year, but the trees, already weakened, are having a hard fight for life, and it is thought that the elms in the yard will have died in five years. As to the other trees in the yard, no prediction can be made; they are attacked by the leopard moth.

So grave is the situation that a number of men have been at work for weeks to minimize the ravages of the leopard borer, but with little success.

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Some women go along in life suffering untold agonies, while others enjoy living, never know an ache or pain. Why is this? I am a woman and had my share of pain. My share, I say, and I mean it. Such suffering as only a woman stands in silence, but I helped myself, and I say to you sisters who suffer from Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Ovarian Troubles, Pains in Back, Bowels, Bearing-down, Desire to Cry or Hot Flashes, you are foolish to suffer longer. Write me, and I will mail you a $1.00 box of my Healing Method Free, also my valuable book which explains, Why Women Suffer So. Doctors don't understand your troubles, and they can't help you. Don't suffer longer. Just tell me where your pain is and I will mail you the $1.00 box and the book, both free of charge. Mrs. Sarah Furman.

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Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accented. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

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Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

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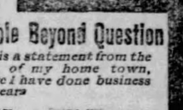

February 11th, 1908.

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Asst. Cash.

DRY FARMING DUE TO A MULE

Its Tracks Over Wheat Field Set One Man Thinking.

New York Post.

"Twenty-five years ago, during the 'dark days' of the West, when every crop failed and thousands of settlers were returning 'back East,' a discouraged farmer in South Dakota, looking over his ruined field for the last time before going back to Vermont, noticed that in the tracks made by his old lame mule, where the soil was packed by the weight of the animal, the wheat had grown strong and tall.

"As a result of this observation," says a Lincoln, Neb., dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald, "South Dakota is just now harvesting one of the largest wheat crops of any state in the Union and is filled with prosperous farmers, while the erstwhile discouraged farmer himself, H. W. Campbell, of this city, is owner of five big wheat farms aggregating three thousand acres, which produce an average of sixty bushels per acre. He is known as the 'Bonanza Farmer' of the West. And all because a lame mule tramped across his wheat field one day.

"The good stalks of grain growing in the mule tracks and surrounded by puny stems set Campbell to thinking. From them he evolved a new system of farming. His neighbors laughted at him and remained poor, while Campbell grew rich. When he wanted new tools with which to farm according to his new ideas the farm implement manufacturers made light of his ideas. Campbell made his own tools, and today they are being manufactured in Odessa, Arad, Hungary, Hyderabad and half a dozen cities in the United States.

"Campbell wanted to tell the Western farmer what he had discovered, so he turned editor, and has had the satisfaction of seeing his articles reproduced in a dozen different languages. One of these, an article on soil value, was translated into Russian by Tchalkowsky, the Russian political writer, while he was a prisoner in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg.

"E. H. Harriman, as he once passed through the great wheat country of the West, held out his hand to Campbell, who was in the railroad magnate's private car, and said: 'If the Union Pacific gave you one million dollars every year it could not pay you for the increased freight from your work.' Campbell now lives in Lincoln, where he maintains a force of clerks to keep the accounts of his big farms and his other interests.

"When he took up a homestead in Dakota Territory in 1883 all he possessed besides his family was a few farming implements, a plough, a wagon, etc.; a lame mule and a long-horned ox. The ox and mule yoked together broke the sod and put in the crop of wheat. The rains came, the water fell on the loose sandy soil, sank into the ground, and ran off just as fast as it fell.

"Campbell had been a machine shop foreman in Vermont, and had no one to whom he could write for assistance. He was desperate and was preparing to leave the country, going anywhere. But he walked out to look once more at his burned field and noticed small bunches of good wheat. He examined carefully and found that these bunches were growing in the tracks of the old mule. For days he asked himself the question: 'What did it?' And

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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Circulation Last Week 241,000

President Taft's flying trip around the circle will not be made in an airship.

Enough people are criticising Dr. Eliot's new religion to make a success of it.

Cuba has held her first lottery, and the winners feel that it was a great success.

Mr. Taft's train goes scooting through the country like a Republican majority.

Governor Harmon has some peculiar ideas. He wants public officials to earn their salaries.

President Taft is having a "bully good time," but, of course, he doesn't express it that way.

Dr. Cook likes America. Will that bring Peary out with a declaration that he liked it first?

"A St. Louis widow declares good husbands are hard to find." How many does she want?

The geographies will have to be revised and that means more dividends for the school book trust.

Upon the advice of friends, Mr. Peary has decided to do less talking until he has something more to say.

Art critics say the new $100 bills are all right. Until further notice we shall accept their word for it.

When it comes to a question of talking too much, Peary appears to be in greater danger than Cook.

English suffragettes are using the hatchet. It is up to Aunt Carrie Nation to make them pay a royalty.

President Taft's route is a long one, but the banquets are so well scattered that it is believed he will survive.

The men who are digging the Panama canal consume 129,414 pies a year. It is certainly going to be a great canal.

A "no vote, no baby," movement ought to do well in Massachusetts, where there are 80,502 more females than males.

The woman who refuses to permit a man to come upon her farm figures it out, of course, that none would come to work.

After being invisible for 74 years, Hally's comet has been sighted. The man who saw it, however, does not live in dry territory.

President Taft says one trust is as bad as another. The late Mark Hanna didn't think so, but things have changed since his time.

As further evidence that there are two sides to every question, a woman's anti-suffrage association has been started in New York.

The Cook book will be out soon. It will not, however, tell how to make a cherry pie, which is one of the choicest of heaven's rich blessings.

Scientists declare there is no such thing as an equinoctial storm. But they can't deny the fact that we have a lot of weather at this time of year.

Love making is going to be easier during the coming winter. The waist line is to be moved to its proper position, where it may be located without difficulty.

It is reported that a cross between a lemon and a cucumber has been developed. It would be interesting to know which was spoiled, the lemon or the cucumber.

An Ohio woman is offering a $10 reward for the return of her missing husband. Doubtless she expects to receive $20 worth of satisfaction if she ever gets her hands on him.

A Boston pastor who recently became the father of quadruplets has been asked to resign his charge. But he will still be permitted to sing "A Charge to Keep I Have."

Annie Besant says the coming man will be seven feet tall. It will flatter ex-Vice President Fairbanks to have the coming man fashioned after his own style of architecture.

It is encouraging to find a good roads convention being held at this season of the year. It used to be the custom to talk good roads only when the highways were impassible.

A Kansas lover wrote this to his sweetheart: "I would rather listen to you chewing your gum than hear Caruso sing." To get the beauty of this sentiment play it on the piano.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is going up in a balloon. If Congressman Nick Longworth doesn't do something of that kind soon he'll not be regarded as a good member of the Roosevelt family.

Though married for 23 years, Peary has been away from his own fireside for twenty of them. Some of the recent discussions about the problems of matrimony would hardly interest the commander.

Abe Martin, of the Indianapolis News, wants to know: "What's become o' th' old-time freckled face village pest that played the French harp with his nose?" He had to postpone on account of hay fever.

WHO OWNS THE POLE?

Let us pause in the midst of the debate whether the moon actually did peek above the Arctic horizon on April 6, 1909, and cease for a moment the speculations concerning the gumdrop as a commendable article for a training diet, to attack with due graveness the problem of the North Pole's ownership.

Dr. Cook raised the American flag on the earth's roof. Commander Peary, within a year, also raised the Stars and Stripes, taking formal possession of every chunk of ice, spurs and variations. Immediately upon the publication of the news of discovery, the question of right was brought forth in the English house of commons, a body long practiced in claiming land, sea, reef, people and the privilege of importing dynamite free of duty. Canada hastened to enter protest. Soon after a retired soldier dragged forth a yellowed grant to the Pole voted him in a mysterious past. These constituted the politics of the affair.

Coincident came the interpretation of the international law from the pen of Dr. Calvo, citing the principle laid down in the dispute between Spain and Germany over the ownership of the Caroline islands in 1889. As a polar cap to the climax, is the challenge of the ever-dignified New York Tribune. Dr. Calvo is bombarded with a formidable quotation from Dr. Wheaton. In its very smoke comes a 13-inch shell, loaded with "inchoate title" and taken direct from the American "Digest of International Law." Out of the fighting towers and across the gunwales is poured a small-arm fusillade from the enunciations, decisions and opinions of Vattel, Attorney General Black and Secretary Freylinghuysen.

Awake, ye Hobson! Here is compelling, indisputable call for a greater navy, an army of occupation and a system of conscription for the defense of home while our brave lads in the uttermost north maintain the blessings of liberty and American citizenship upon every purple berg and hummock.

THE FULTON CELEBRATION.

Mr. Fulton's ingenious Steam Boat, invented with a View to the Navigation of The Mississippi from New Orleans upwards, Sails today from the North River, near State Prison, to Albany. The Velocity of the Steam Boat is calculated at four miles an hour; it is said it will make a progress of two against The Current of The Mississippi; and if so it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the Commerce of the Western tSates.

This was the announcement of the first sailing of the Clermont, Fulton's steamer, in the American Citizen of August 17, 1807. Unless the generous capitalization is an indication, the editor of the American Citizen had no glimpse whatever of the profound influence on the future which Fulton's invention would have. Neither he, nor anyone else, not Fulton himself, realized that the Clermont would serve to bring far distances of the earth as close to New York as the Mississippi was in 1807, that steamers would plow in every sea, explore unknown rivers, cause wastes to be peopled, rich mines to be opened, vast plains to be covered with waving grain, yes, and great battles to be fought. For Cathay and the Occident were to be brought so near that nations would fight for territorial possessions and spheres of trade. From that hissing, jangling little steamboat was to be developed the steamer which would run from Liverpool to New York between Saturday noon and Thursday evening. Writers would come to command royalties from novels the spirit of which was a protest against the simultaneous decay of sail and romance.

On August 22 the Clermont returned from the journey to Albany. The American Citizen thus chronicled that momentous event:

We congratulate Mr. Fulton and the country on his success in the steamboat, which cannot fail of being very advantageous. We understand that not the smallest inconvenience is felt in the boat, either from heat or smoke.

And that for Fulton's triumph. Thirty-seven words!

GOVERNOR JOHNSON.

A strong man in American statesmanship has been removed by the death of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. He was as remarkable in winning national respect as he was remarkable in carrying elections in the face of great odds. His partisanship was of the kind which Mr. Taft had in mind when he described the necessity for a strong and healthy opposition.

The Johnson boom for the presidential nomination brought forth many interesting stories of the man's personality and the history of his struggle against adversity. His first earnings had been employed in lightening the burdens of poverty which rested upon his mother. He had aided his brothers and sisters to gain an education, his own having mostly been acquired from the shelves of a public library. In the heat of politics he always maintained his temper and it was his pleasure to wish for the speedy ending of campaigns that "all of us might be the same old friends again." The story of the lowly beginning and the genial personality that could turn a meeting of political leaders into a discussion of baseball, served to win the affection of those who came in contact with him and the admiration of all Americans who love to see pluck and good nature in their big men.

The country could ill afford to lose such a man as John Johnson.

REFORM THE COURTS FIRST.

The President has sharply defined his policies toward the further regulation of railroads. He has declared himself in favor of a postal banking system and has given tentative support to the proposal for a federal bank of issue. One of his speeches in the present tour urges the necessity for a reformation of the courts.

Of these four policies the one most urgent, the one which touches the mass of the people most closely, is that of remedying the law's delay. The abuses are widespread. They exist in the state courts and the municipal courts more than in those under federal jurisdiction. Yet the federal courts must set the pattern. If they are made efficient, if they are relieved of the taint of suspicious friendliness to special interests, if they work rapidly and in entire justice, it will not be long before the other courts will follow. It is the duty of congress to prepare the go d example.

To get more railroad legislation through congress calls for a long and patient fight, one which will absorb much of the energy of the President. The postal savings bank scheme must not only be discussed thoroughly in Washington, but the country also must have a thorough understanding of the plan. The federal bank proposal will require a deal of hard fighting. Twice has such a bank been founded in this country and been abandoned. Its history is unsavory. Before the nation will consider even the advisability of the federal bank it will insist on being assured that the institution is to be free of politics.

These policies call for time. Not more than one, in all probability, would be handled by congress and disposed of in a single session. There is need of a program—and the first business on that program should be the reform of the judiciary.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

During our last year's subscription season of ten months we gave to our subscribers for raising clubs nearly 15,000 pairs of Nottingham lace curtains. This has proved the most popular premium ever offered by The Blade, and we have contracted for an increased number for this season, which we will freely give upon terms stated below. We do not sell these curtains, but give one pair free, postpaid by mail, for every club of ten subscribers. The announcement we make this week is intended especially for those whose time expires next month. One month later we shall make the same announcement for those whose time expires the following month, and so on, each and every month in order.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By October 1st those whose subscriptions expire during October should have our propositions. If not received by October 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the world, having now a quarter of a million subscribers and over a million readers. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to October subscribers only, and 30 days later the November people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our October propositions by November 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with November subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our October names and a large number of new ones as well.

A TEST OF FAITH.

A very practical touch has been given to the movement to develop inland waterways. The Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterways association has incorporated an enterprise to be known as the Mississippi Valley Transportation company.

The plans include a revolution in the design of river boats. The present type of river steamer has undergone little change in 50 years, while ocean going vessels and those of the lakes have altered extremely. The river people have clung to the hull lines, the high upper works, the system of handling freight on the boats, as if these represented perfection, the limit of improvement. The new boat will be of steel, low-lying, patterned for carrying capacity as well as for speed. Barges of steel, smaller than those now in general use, but able to carry more freight, will be put into service on the upper river. Direct competition with the granger railroads will be sought and an attempt is to be made to get a share of the Ohio river trade.

The agitation for deep waterways ought to receive an impetus from this evidence of the willingness of the members to invest their money in what may prove only an experiment. It is testimony of a strong faith and it should have its influence upon the congressional appropriations so earnestly pleaded for.

ANOTHER PROSPERITY SIGN.

An indication of the return to prosperous business and industrial condition is contained in the report of the August receipts in the office of the collectors of internal revenue.

Over $2,000,000 more was paid in such taxes last month than in the same month of 1908, the aggregate sum turned into the treasury being $20,286,735. In each of the two big items, spirits and tobacco, more than $9,000,000 and $4,500,000 respectively, was paid.

Thus, quickly in every office, in every factory and mercantile house, the ghosts of the panic vanish.

HASKELL'S FELLOW-CITIZENS.

It is sometimes easier to understand a man if one can behold the community in which it has pleased fate to place him. The career of Charles N. Haskell in the west has greatly interested the country in the last few months. Much attention has been given to his utterances, to those carrying an assertive tone as well as to the later ones charged with complaint and high-voiced protest. These were glimpses of character. An article in The Boston Transcript, by Mr. William R. Lighton, describing the governor's home city, Muskogee, throws that illumination which completes the portrait.

"The one dominant industry of Muskogee," says Mr. Lighton, "has been the plundering of the Indian. It has remained for your representative Oklahoman to reduce this business to an exact science, to cut out competition, to reduce hazards to the minimum, to make its administration economical to the last degree and, on top of this, to dignify it with the stamp of 'big business' and legitimacy. It's hardly an overstatement to say that your Oklahoman who has not, at one time or another, taken something away from an Indian or a tribe at less than its real value, is not a representative citizen."

Governor Haskell is now under indictment upon charges of fraud in the location of town sites within the domain of the Five Civilized Tribes. If it should turn out that he is guilty it is plain that the governor has but obeyed the precept about doing in Rome what the Romans do. It is also easy to see why Mr. Haskell, apparently picked out from among potatoes of the same quality and possibly of the same size, should feel aggrieved.

MAKING A CURIOSITY COMMON

Radium bromide having a weight but slightly more than that of a nickel five-cent piece, sold a few months ago for $150,000. It was a price which made the cost of the great Cullinan diamond ridiculously small in comparison. To figure radium bromide in pounds means to be generous with million-dollar sums, to consider it as a regular article of trade is to think in terms that would awe even a meeting of the rivers and harbors committee of the national house of representatives.

Naturally such a price and such a demand for radium salts have proved a stimulation to practical metallurgists. A corporation has been promoted in England to extract radium from the pitchblende heaps about the mines of Cornwall. Experimental trials have been successful. A Swedish company has found a richer resource and enters the field as a competitor. The Bohemian works, the first in the world, are feverishly engaged in the attempt to meet the calls of the market. Colorado mines, it is thought, will become producers of radium.

It is not so long ago that aluminum was a curiosity. To cap the Washington monument with it was in the nature of an extravagance. When the metal came to a dollar a pound there was rejoicing and the newspapers recited the wonders of the element, many of which have not been realized. History may repeat itself in the case of radium. From a scientific curiosity, an article of extreme rarity, it gradually becomes available for wider use, or at least for wider experiment. Capital takes a hand and the men who make a business of cheapening processes enter. New sources are developed. The supply houses may some day sell you radium as they will now sell you aluminum, in any quantities you desire.

ARE DRUGS TO GO?

Dr. R. R. Ross, superintendent of the Buffalo general hospital, speaking at the annual conference of the American Hospital association, showed in striking manner a modern tendency in the medical profession. Fifteen years ago, he said, the institution of which he is the head spent $2.90 for drugs for every patient treated. Last year the drug cost was 91 cents per patient.

Surgery, the improvement in the methods of nursing, the more thorough understanding of the ways of bacteria, the realization of the remedial effects of good air, good food and perfect cleanliness have brought about a smaller and smaller dependence upon drugs. The "shotgun" medicines which were made up of any number of drugs upon the logical supposition that if one didn't hit the target, another one might, have gone out entirely, except among the quacks. A secession of many years ago has had a profound influence upon the size of doses given, the isolation of alkaloids from plant like a still greater influence. At the meetings of medical associations such words as "I am not one who would abandon treatment by drugs altogether, but——," serve as straws to mark changing views.

Yet it is hard to see how the physicians can ever come to discard the use of drugs entirely. So long as we know that poisons will kill is it not reasonable to believe that there also exist drugs with beneficial properties? Medicine is not so many years from the days of the barber-surgeon and the "yarb doctor" that a practitioner can be absolutely certain about the efficiency or non-efficiency of any such long-existing form of treatment as that of drugs.

THE LOST OPPORTUNNITY.

The magazine "muck raker" has failed lamentably. There was work for him, a field of usefulness and honor. How far he has fallen short of achievement is evidenced by the little attention the majority of the "muck raking" disclosures attract. The public has noted the attempt to employ apparent fact as fact, the gross exaggerations, the foundation of silly mutual admiration societies. It has characteristically discredited the whole lot, complacently accepting the writers simply as more or less amusing sensationalists.

A typical case of the misrepresentation in vogue among the popular magazines was the attack upon Senator Allison, of Iowa. Mr. Allison was a statesman of the old school, clinging faithfully to the individualistic doctrines and somewhat blind to modern tendencies. No one, except the "muck raker," questioned his honesty, and that writer did not hesitate to charge every form of political corruption and vileness. The will of the senator proved him to have acquired no more wealth than would have come from the careful investment of his income as senator. Last year one of the magazines announced marvelous discoveries in the cure of cancer. In the attempt to re-establish its credit with physicians it printed this spring an article telling the facts as they were. The vicious attack on the weather bureau was plainly an attempt to make capital out of one forecast which went wrong. There is widespread interest in the development of water power. The work calls for daring and costly engineering work, investments of big capital and, in many cases, a long wait for returning profits. Advantage is taken of this to try to prove the existence of a water power trust, though only two-fifths of one per cent of the available energy of American streams has been harnessed. The most distressing case of vicious "muck raking" was an article bringing accusations of infidelity against university professors on the strength of single sentences picked here and there from their writings. A monograph of a Princeton professor points out certain fallacies in the popular beliefs concerning heredity. The man is made to offer a doctrine peculiarly repulsive to mankind. One might just as well say that a study of Maumee valley arrow heads proves the student's faith in the superiority of Indian weapons over firearms.

There has been crying need for a form of revelation which would awaken the public conscience. The magazine appeared for a time to have seized the newspaper's province, to have caught the newspaper unattentive, negligent of the people's cause. It was a rebuke which most newspaper people realized and it had direct effect in mending the ways of the press. The monthly periodical could be strong, dignified, careful to present nothing except the facts. Instead, one finds it altogether unfair, unthoughtful, careful only to present its articles in as yellow a manner as possible. The cheap magazine has sacrificed its opportunity.

THE LORDS AND THEIR SLUMS.

The British house of lords has once more set its seal of disapproval upon reform. A bill which had the praiseworthy aim of clearing the English cities of their vast acreage of festering slums and proposed to give municipal governments control of domestic building construction, has been killed by the upper chamber. The slums are to be permitted to grow more horrible, the landlord to raise more unsanitary houses, disease and filth to mark the environs of the most picturesque cities in the world.

The Anglo-Saxon stubbornly clings to the idea that the state should not interfere with the individual. Rural England captivates the traveler, giving him visist of beauty which make him think the land all but perfected. The cities have stately public buildings noble parks. Quaint, old-world effects are met with in odd and unexpected corners. But off the main-traveled streets the tourist is horrified with sights loathsome in the extreme. Not only are the island cities thus marred, but such colonial communities as Montreal, and Sydney, in Australia, possess their reeking slums. In America we have gone far toward bettering conditions, but all of us realize there is a greater distance to journey before we can boast with certain French and German cities that the slum does not exist.

Though members of the house of lords own huge tracts of land, few of them draw their income from the soil. Their wealth is in stocks, in industrial enterprises, over-seas investments, the riches of many of them are in the rents of these homes of misery which the humane among the English are trying to tear away. No wonder the lords can be cold toward a "back-to-the-soil" movement, violently opposed to such changes that would place one comfortable building upon the site where a dozen noisome, but well-paying, hovels now stand.

THE ENGINEER AND THE WEST.

With the turning of water into the canals which are to irrigate the Uncompaghre valley, another great engineering feat is chalked up to the credit of the Far West. It has been an enterprise bristling with dramatic episodes. It becomes by the mere touching of a button the agency for the most quiet, most peaceful, pursuit in the world.

It is in the country beyond the Missouri river that the engineer of America have spread their wings. They have attacked difficulty after difficulty, rested from one labor only to assume another, accepted failure blithely as they have accepted success, their perseverance unconquerable. No other country than this can recite the epic of mine development, the building of flumes for the saving of gold by means of hydraulic pressure, the fight with the shifting mountain sides in the Cascades, the freezing of quicksands while work sped unimpeded by treacherous earth, the swinging of bridges from canyon sides, the laying of tracks across a great inland sea, the bold invasion of wilderness and desert to wrest away the hidden riches.

The artist signs his paintings, the author's name leads his text, legislators gain a sort of immortality with the measures they father, tablets of bronze commemorate mayors and administrators and commissioners upon the walls of public buildings, but where will youfi nd the name of the engineer who may have given this nation territory greater than a European principality? His fellows remember him, a fading, tattered blue-print bears his signature as does the report lost among the records of some capitalist. The engineer is the most obscure of America's great men.

WHEAT PRICES.

High prices of wheat next winter, if they should prevail, will have to be blamed upon manipulation in the markets and not upon a short crop. For this season the world's yield of wheat promises to eclipse all the records of previous banner years.

Though the harvests in Argentina, Australia and India will not begin for nearly three months yet, experts have ventured to offer predictions, and this in spite of bad news from the South American fields. An English forecast of the world's production follows:

	1909.	1908.	1907.
Europe—	1,792,000,000	1,742,320,000	1,691,480,000
Elsewhere—	1,576,960,000	1,440,400,000	1,469,920,000
Whole world—	3,368,960,000	3,182,720,000	3,161,400,000

The estimate of the world's production in 1906 is 3,286,720,000 bushels, the season being that of the greatest yield ever recorded. Any estimates now must be only tentative because of the grain yet to be harvested and also because there is no way of judging accurately how far wrong the statisticians of some of the wheat-growing countries may be, as those concerned in the Leiter corner learned to their cost.

THE SOCIALIST AND CONSISTENCY

Being "agin the government" has been one of the policies of the Socialists of Germany. It has sometimes taken odd forms, as when the prime minister has presented measures as plainly Socialistic as to seem pirated from the pages of "Das Kapital." Because of their governmental advocacy the proposals have yet been fought violently by the Socialists. The traditional tactics were recently abandoned when the party in the Reichstag gave its support to the kaiser's program for an inheritance tax.

The debates of the convention of the Social Democrats' meeting in Leipsic indicate a willingness to co-operate with the government and with other parties.

It is after the German Socialism that the strongest of the movements in America is patterned. The Fabian school, to which the better known of the English Socialists belong, is held largely in contempt on this side of the Atlantic. The subscribing members of the party are pledged to vote for its ticket and for that one only. At the same time, many of the Socialists admit they have little or no chance to gain political office, arguing that, as a sort of moral force, they will compel the stronger parties to adopt their policies, one by one. Thus, there exists the anomaly of partisans opposing at the polls men who might represent in a score of ways their own doctrines.

Will the American Socialists, admiring, as they do, their fellows in Germany, alter their system here also, seize the chance to play the opportunists whom they deprecate, be as consistent in casting their votes as they consider themselves consistently true to their cause?

WHEN THE PEOPLE SLEEP.

The belief that American municipalities have been largely cleansed by the crusades against corruption will be severely shaken by the revelations in Chicago. The looting of public funds, the protection of vice, even the purchase of judges, are crimes of mildness in comparison with that of jury-fixing. It appears that not merely were jurymen approached and bribed—according to the charges—but also a regular system was in vogue, arrangements being made in the offices of the jury commissioner.

When it is recalled that only recently Tammany was brought into the limelight again upon accusations of grafting, that a formermayor of Boston still rests under the shadow of charges, it is seen what a little distance the country has gone in the business of freeing its cities of evil politics. These three cities, Chicago, New York and Boston, possess in the highest degree the benefits of publicity. The newspapers are watchful for every sign of wrong doing, almost gleeful in the manner with which they publish such evidence. They are supplemented by reform associations, by expert sociologists, by prosecutors ambitious to gain the popular approval.

Publicity, it must be apparent, cannot perform all the duties of housecleaning. It no more than points out the dirt and dust and urges the energetic use of the broom. But if the people of the big cities will not use the broom the exposures of abuses are only vain shoutings.

THE PRICE OF BEEF.

The packing houses have been roundly scored for the recent increases in the price of meats. Statistics in the hands of the department of agriculture show that the increase is due not to the arbitrary action of the packing companies, but to a purely economic cause.

There are 2,187,000 fewer cattle in this country than two years ago. In the last eight or nine months the export of cattle from America has dropped off nearly 100,000.

Cattle raising is now in course of evolution. As settlers pour into the far west the great free ranges have become more restricted. Many famous tracts have ceased to exist as feeding land altogether. Ranchmen, particularly in Texas, have found it more profitable to cut up their huge estates and sell them as farm land than to continue herding steers. Then, too, the feeding of cattle in the few months just before shipping to market has become so expensive that western farmers who used to devote their winters to the business, have given it up. Hay is more costly, and corn, which two years ago cost from 39 to 66 cents, is now quoted at from 56 to 82 cents a bushel.

The tendency in beef raising must necessarily be from the ranch to the farm. An ideal condition has not come, but it undoubtedly will. The present high prices will help to bring it about.

FORESTRY ON PRIVATE LANDS.

The science of forestry has, so far, been applied almost exclusively to the tracts held in the name of the public. Less than 1 per cent of the private forests, according to a bulletin just issued by the government, has the advantage and the protection which the science can give. Yet three-fourths of the entire forest area of this country is in the hands of private owners.

The business of lumbering has been one largely of speculation, the purchase of lands or stumpage, the rapid hewing of trees without thought or consideration of the young trees injured upon the trails or by the falling of matured growths, and the marketing of the logs at the earliest moment possible. When all the available wood has been cut away and the land sold at reasonable price the lumberman's interest ceases. He shifts his axes and saws to new ground.

Naturally, while the business is of this character, the lumberman cannot be expected to study scientific forestry, which is not a thing of quick profits, but of slow, regular returns. The lumberman must think of the fire risks, market fluctuations and the chances of harassing taxes. But changes are coming, says Treadwell Cleveland, the government expert. He notes and commends the organization of fire protection associations in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, the experiments of a few private owners in the west and the south and the systems adopted in states owning forest lands. There are changes also in the lumber business which will tend to cause the private owners to depend on skilled foresters for the working and conservation of their properties.

THE GODS DEFIED.

The Panama canal is a failure; Perhaps you doubt it. But no doubt rests in the offices of those newspapers and periodicals which were so abruptly checked in the spreading of their outrageous slander. They have proved, to their own complete satisfaction, that the plans were drawn by ignorance, the payments made in corruption, the work continued in stupidity.

Still the dirt keeps flying.

Railroads, foreseeing a possibility of the building of steamers which will carry freight from the Atlantic shores to the Pacific coast at one-half the present rates, condemn the canal upon such grounds as: There never will be sufficient shipping to justify the immense cost. By the time the ditch is completed modern vessels will be too large to pass through the channel, as provided for in the design. An enemy could destroy the waterway with a few sticks of dynamite—so they say.

But the dirt keeps flying.

Buena-Varilla, having worked out a scheme of building the canal which this government rejected after examination, informs learned societies abroad that disaster awaits the enterprise, national humiliation and tremendous financial losses. The sea-level advocates write untiringly, predicting the breaking of the Gatun dam, the wrecking of the locks, the overwhelming smash and crash of breakwater, tollhouses and pilot stations, the whole bloomin' universe, as represented on the Panama zone.

And yet—defiant of hate, of personal interest, of the gods of incomparable wisdom and indefatigable advice—the dirt keeps flying. Isn't it strange?

How Fashion Robs the Farmers.

Outing.

According to William Dutcher, president of the Audubon Societies of the United States, birds save to the farmer $200,000,000 a year in the destruction of noxious insects and noxious weeds. The great destroyers of birds are the plume hunters for millinery purposes. Birds destroyed for food are restocked by natural process, but the plume hunters recognize no closed season. Millinery interests in America represent $38,000,000 worth of work done by the birds for the farmers. As bobwhite is the arch destroyer of the potato bug and the cuckoo of the caterpiller and the woodpecker of the boring grub and the lark of the grasshopper and the sparrow of the weed seeds, President Dutcher thinks the birds are entitled to at least fair play from the milliners.

Not What He Expected.

London Tit-Bits.

A doctor in a Yorkshire village lately gave up his house and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon. Before he had been many weeks in his new home the "vet" was awakened in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening a window he heard a voice call out of the darkness:

"Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad."

The surgeon dressed and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles away from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend.

"I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. She's been ailing now, you see, for ten years, and she's getting pretty old as well."

Annoyed at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very valuable animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed: "Why on earth don't you shoot her?"

"What?" exclaimed the farmer! "Shoot my mother?"

Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted.

Work Day on Mississippi Plantation

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The day begins on a plantation when it is yet night. The big bell rings between 4 and 5 o'clock for the "hands" to go to the fields. Mammy starts her small sable assistants around at the "big house" with early coffee about 6.

Without this tiny cup of cafe noir your true creole gets up on the wrong side of the bed. He has no appetite for breakfast after a ride through the fields and still less for his generous noonday dinner. Supper is served at night, and the dishes are typically southern, the corn and batter breads, fried chickens and waffles and fig preserves, with "syllabub," that moonbeam mixture that makes modern ices and confections heavy by comparison, for dessert.

Life on a plantation is not dull. There are visits to town and a constant stream of visitors from town. There are "sugar house" parties and hog killings, Christmas doings, and Thanksgiving dinners, to say nothing of house parties and hunts.

Barkeeps and School Teachers.

American Magazine.

"It is practically impossible to find a community in the United States," says Nathan C. Shaeffer, state superintendent of Pennsylvania, writing in the discussion of taxation as related to public education, published by the National Education association, "that does not spend more money for whisky and tobacco than for education." The report of the United States commissioner of education, 1907, indicates that there are only twice as many school teachers as there are bartenders in the country.

Varieties

The last cable road in Brooklyn soon be electrified.

Street lighting by gas was done first time in London in 1814.

At the beginning of the year there 164,208 telephones in London.

Salt, petroleum, matches, playing are state monopolies in Greece.

At one time among the Greeks wearing of breeches indicated slav

Whooping cough kills more children der five years of age than scarlet

There are now over 33,000 men e in government dockyards in Engl

Daths from hydrophobia in average only a small fraction o a year.

Dragon flies can catch insects w ing at the rate of 40 or 50 miles a

Buenos Ayres has the finest opera in the western hemisphere. It co 000,000.

Russia has 890 convents, with a t 65,240 inmates. Of these, 47,429 are 17,811 monks.

Refrigerated beef, grown and ki Argentina, will probably soon be s to New York.

Grog as served in the British na sists of a mixture of three parts and one part rum.

It is estimated that in two years there will be two Germans for Frenchman in the world.

The five largest office buildings York contain 2,300 miles of telephone and almost 10,000 telephones.

Statistics just compiled show th average is 318 car rides a year fo inhabitant of New York city.

Five Chinese government schools teaching railway engineering, and probably will establish a course.

One of the two observatories summit of Mont Blanc has been gi because of the violence of the sto

When dusting or cleaning the tungsten lamps the lamp should be ing to prevent accidents to the fi filament.

An Italian journal says that A Patti has sold her throat for $10 an American, who will exhibit it her death.

Liverpool is the third city in the in the manufacture of flour, bei ceeded by only Minneapolis and pesth.

Electric laundries are being instal the big ocean liners, where all the ing, drying and ironing are done by tricity.

Filipino prisoners in Bilibid, both and women, are now allowed a number of cigarets a day at gover expense.

The average person does not f ience any sensation from an ele current until the pressure r about 35 volts.

Rhode Island received its name what was supposed to be a r blance in contour to the Isla Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

The largest electric sign in the advertises the city of Montgomery The sign is 75x85 feet and co about 2,500 lights.

Dr. Mary Walker, in an addres other day at Utica, N. Y., said was only one cause for tuberc and that was tobacco smoke.

Seven 325-ton locomotives, ea tons heavier than the largest bui nearing completion at Philadelph the Harriman lines.

Iowa ships approximately 10 000 pounds of butter outside of t ders every year, the surplus p over and above the home consum

An ingenious machine recently nited by an Iowan, takes a p wire, cuts it the right length, be and fastens it around hose to h coupling.

Since Manchuria was converte a province its expenditure ha creeased rapidly. Its balance she year was 6,000,000 taels on the side.

A Swede has constructed an torpedo which is claimed to be o of destroying a fortification or th gest battleship afloat. It weig pounds.

The submarine cables of the cover a total of 278,208 miles, d uted among 2,053 cables. Three-f of this total mileage is owned b vate companies.

Rio de Janeiro, with a populati 900,000, spent more money for improvements this year than an in the United States excepting York.

The adaptability of electrical e is only limited by human imagi to devise new ways to put it to New methods of applying it are ed every day.

Platinum, used extensively in trical work, is only mined in Cali and Oregon in this country, the supplying 85 per cent. of the Am product.

An electric glue heater has be on the market, and is said to melted glue at a temperature degrees for several hours after the rent has been shut off.

On account of the notable succ the wireless system as installed sels, an effort is being made to lower insurance rate on vessels equipped.

A Maryland railroad is experi ing with lighting trains with gas, which is compressed in tanks under each car in sufficient ity to last through its run.

Germany used 300,000 horsepow veloped from water; France, 650,00 464,000; Switzerland, 380,000. Over horsepower from water is now dev in the United States.

An instrument that enables the gaze into the human stomach and the digestive processes at work, w plained at the British Medical asso meeting in Belfast.

There is nothing to substantiat contention that the human body radiations which affect the photog plate. The French academy of has investigated the matter.

The city of Naples will soon be by electricity secured from water At Capo Volturno 16,000 horsepow be generated and carried at 45,000 the city, 56 miles away.

The wealth of the United States was $7,000,000,000, speaking in round in 1860, $16,000,000,000; in 1870, $22,000 in 1880, $43,500,000,000; in 1890, $65,000 in 1900, $88,500,000,000, and in 1904, 000,000.

Tin plate making was introduced England from Saxony in 1665, and first tin plate factory in France, w tablished in 1714. The plates were made on a commercial basis in the States at Pittsburg in 1872.

The old lady had had a severe and she was relating its vicissitudes friend or two in the grocer's shop the minister came in. "It's only Lord's mercy," she piously dec "that I'm not in heaven tonight."

One of the most interesting sights during the convention of the at Los Angeles, Cal., was the dele from Santa Ana, Orange county, papier mache marching costume huge orange contained a full grown

Public watering troughs for were condemned as disseminators of ease by the state veterinarian of souri, Dr. F. D. Luckey, and by Schoenleben, of Kansas, at the of the Interstate Association of Stock Sanitary Board in Chicago.

Miss Helen Gould entertained 50 ement mothers with their children her country home the other day. party was taken to Miss Gould's by the Volunteers of America, who plied the transportation and lunche sides gathering and caring for the itors.

The latest improved life preserver hollow belt of rubber to which tached a cylinder filled with liquid dioxide. On turning a tap the li gas escapes into the belt, volatilises inflates it to its fullest capacity, quarts, which makes it superior to cork belt.

There is a black cat on Railroad Thomaston, Conn., that makes a of escorting women and children When the party reaches its destin the cat returns to its place and e other persons in the same way, ke up this strange action until abo o'clock at night.

Mrs. Wyman, aged 70, of Pitts Mass., recently broke all records in pie making career. She made 72 pi nine different varieties as follows: tard, apple, cocoanut, prune, r squash, chocolate, blueberry and Mrs. Wyman did the work alone an it finished by noon.

The most thorough comparison the merits of steam and electricity the transportation of freight, is to be made on the New York, Haven & Hartford Railroad com which has ordered two locomotive about the same type and class o that one is steam driven and the electrically.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

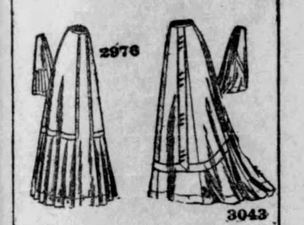
From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



3041—Ladies' Fancy Shirt Waist, with removable chemisette. Black satin was used for this dressy model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2017—Misses' Shirt Waist, tucked in box-plait effect. Develops well in linen, Madras, pongee or taffetas. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3046—Girls' Coat, known as the "Peter Pan." Broadcloth, storm serge or any of the mixed worsteds are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3030—Boys' Suit, consisting of a blouse, closing at right side of front, with high neck and rolling collar, or with sailor collar and a removable shield, and knickerbockers. This model was developed in navy blue serge. 4 sizes—5 to 11 years.

2976—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with plaited flounce. Black broadcloth was used for this pretty model though it is adaptable to any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3043—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing at left side-back seam and in sweep length. A very stylish model for chiffon, broadcloth or satin. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1762—Misses' and Girls' Cooking Outfit, consisting of apron, oversleeves and cap. This neat little outfit was developed in green-and-white checked gingham. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

2923—Misses' and Girls' Chemise or combination corset-cover and short Petticoat, slipped over the head. White cambric was used for this combination. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

3031—Ladies' Work Apron, adaptable to gingham, percale or linen. 3 sizes—Small, medium and large.

1496—Girls' and Misses' Shirt Waist Dress, consisting of a tucked shirt waist with three-quarter length sleeves and a plaited three-piece circular skirt. An excellent school frock developed in mohair, serge, or flannel. 5 sizes—8 to 16 years.

3039—Ladies' Yoke Shirt Waist. This is an excellent model for linen, madras or vivella flannel. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3024—Misses' Shirt Waist, with removable chemisette. A good model for cashmere, alabatross or pongee. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3018—Girl's Semi-Princess Dress, with or without sash and sleeve caps. Pale pink mercerized poplin was used for this jaunty dress. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3014—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse having removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and knickerbockers. Dark red serge was used for this. 5 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3019—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with plaited sections at lower part of side-front and side-back gores, and the alternating gores forming box-plaits. Black voile was used in the development of this pretty skirt. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3032—Misses' Skirt, with seven-gored upper part and plaited flounce lower part. Adaptable to any of the season's suitings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2815—Girls' and Child's Apron. Nainsook, batiste, lawn or cambric may be used for this serviceable little model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

3035—Ladies' Night Gown, slipped over the head. Develops well in any of the sheer white materials. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3042—Misses' Full Length Coat. Pearl gray broadcloth was used for this stylish coat. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3015—Ladies' Apron, to be plaited at top or gathered to a yoke, and having shaped or straight ruffle. Brown-and-white checked gingham was used for this model. One size.

CUTICURA CURED HIM

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

OF BAD SCALDING AND ITCHING

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs, but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years, but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it became too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, '07, and Sept. 24, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

PACE HE'S GOING WORRYING TAFT

Washington, Sept. 27.—The hospitality of the west seems to be taxing the endurance of President Taft, especially as to the formal dinners which have been arranged in his honor. Some time before the President started on his tour of the west, his secretary, Mr. Carpenter, wrote to each of the committees having the matter in charge, asking them to make the dinners as simple in character and as brief as possible.

Notwithstanding this injunction, the cities so far visited by the President seem to have vied with each other in making the dinners as elaborate as possible and, in some instances, they have occupied two and three and even four hours.

In view of the length of the President's trip and the large number of dinners and receptions to which he has been invited, the President feels that, in justice to himself, the dinners should be as simple and brief as the occasions will permit, and he has asked Mr. Carpenter again to ask the various committees of arrangements in the cities which he is still to visit to observe his original request.

The President has been very much impressed with the unboundel hospitality of the west, but he feels that his powers of endurance might be taxed beyond the safety limits should it continue unchecked to the end of his journey.

SULTAN MAY JOIN WAR

Entire Nation of Morocco Expected to Aid the Riff Tribesmen.

Madrid, Sept. 24.—It is generally believed here that the complications which have arisen between Spain and Mulai Hafid, the sultan of Morocco, are likely to result in a Spanish-Moroccan war—that is, a war between Spain and the forces of the sultan of Morocco in distinction to the fighting going on today which is limited to the Moorish tribesmen inhabiting the Riff country.

Spain today has over 60,000 troops in northern Africa, with 11,000 more mobilizing for service there, and the government feels that only the brilliant completion of the work begun can defeat the plans of its political enemies at home.

The situation at Barcelona is causing renewed anxiety. Bomb explosions on the streets there are almost of daily occurrence, but the newspapers that print even the rumors of such occurrences are seized by the authorities.

The minister of the interior insists that the government is not fighting its political enemies, but rather a widespread anarchistic plot. "The charge that we closed the lay schools without reason is false," an official said today. "The schools were closed because of the spreading of anarchist doctrines against religion and social order that could not be tolerated by any government. When the times comes we shall vindicate ourselves before the cortes."

Plan to Outflank Moors.

Melilla, Sept. 24.—The operation of clearing and occupying the peninsula north of Melilla continues with little resistance. The Spanish forces now hold an entrenched line from the sea on the west to the foot-hills of Mt. Guruga, to prevent the Moors from getting to their rear, and they have occupied, also, an important strategic position at Nadorl, to the southward. This is preliminary to the real work of outflanking the Moors upon Mt. Guruga.

MRS. ELEANOR G. SCOTT DEAD

Washington, Sept. 23.—Mrs. Eleanor Gorgas Scott, widow of the younger brother of President Benjamin Harrison's first wife and a cousin of both Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. A., chief sanitary officer of the Panama canal and the late representative William Dorsheimer, of New York, died here at an early hour today, after an 18 months' illness. Mrs. Scott was born in Rochester, O., and one of her earliest associates was Ida Saxton, who afterward became Mrs. William McKinley.

Interment probably will take place in Shelbyville, Ind.

MARS CANALS ARE VANISHING

Boston, Sept. 23.—A telegram received by John Ritchie, Jr., from Prof. Percival Powell at his observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., states that the Antarctic canals of Mars are disappearing. Prof. Lowell has in previous years, in the fall, observed a similar disappearance, which he considers a seasonal phenomenon and which he thinks tends to support the theory that life exists on Mars and that the canals denote a system of irrigation.

Rheumatism

"My mother is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills is the only remedy that relieve her."

MRS. G. DAVENPORT,
Roycefield, N. J.

For the pains of rheumatism there is nothing that can equal

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They overcome that nervous irritation, relieve the pain and swelling, while they have a tendency to allay fever. If taken as directed they are invaluable to chronic sufferers, as the weakening effect of pain is lessened. Try them—your druggist sells them.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

INJURED IN EXPLOSION

Hundreds of Employes in a Big Building Flee Screaming to the Streets.

Pittsburg, Sept. 27.—At least 50 persons were more or less seriously injured and several are believed to have met death shortly before noon today when an explosion occurred in the offices of the Columbia Film Exchanges, rooms 414 and 415 Ferguson building, running from Third to Fourth avenues between Smithfield and Wood streets.

The walls of the building, an eight-story structure, are bulging, while not an office escaped without damage. Windows were blown out and partitions blown down. Several firemen and policemen are now searching the ruins for injured and dead.

The most seriously injured are: Edith Irk, Ina Brown, Julia Doyle, Josephine Dwyer, Hannah White, Cora Teevens, Ella Mulbronner, Roy Barclay, M. G. Cohen, Emmett Matous, Frank Nickelson, Arthur Baer, Douglas Leach, John Mitchell, Edward Kappel, M. E. Rankin, M. R. Raymond, Annie Davis, G. E. Hancock.

Twenty-five stenographers employed at the offices of the Smith-Premier Typewriter company were seriously cut when large plate glass windows were showered upon them by the explosion.

Flee in Frantic Fear.

The cause of the explosion is not known at present. In some manner the inflammable films were ignited and the next moment a terrific explosion took place. The detonation could be heard for blocks. Occupants of adjoining office buildings rushed to the scene and were joined within a few minutes by firemen and reserved squads from the various police districts.

Throughout the entire eight-story building the rescuers encountered men, women, boys and girls who were either burned or injured by flying debris. Their crying and pleading were pitiful. Every hospital in Greater Pittsburg was notified. For over an hour the clang of ambulances excited pedestrians in the downtown streets.

The explosion came without warning. In a moment the entire building was enveloped in a blinding sheet of flame. The occupants of the building numbering many hundreds, became panic stricken and rushed wildly for the exits. They became jammed on the stairways, and their screams could be heard in the streets, causing much excitement among the thousands who quickly congregated in the vicinity. Many others rushed to the doors of the elevators. Fighting like demons they broke down the screen work encasing the shaft and pleaded with the elevator boys to save them.

Brave Elevator Boy.

Roy Barclay, the elevator operator, gave a graphic description of the explosion. He said: "I was at the second floor when I heard a sizzling noise, similar to the fuse on a firecracker burning. I knew something was wrong and dropped the car to the first floor, to let the passengers off. Just as they were alighting the explosion came and the building was filled with flames. From all parts of the structure came shrieks, and I heard a lot of people on the fourth floor crying for the elevator. I ran my car up there and found a large crowd battling around the iron framework of the elevator shaft. Hundreds were running down the stairways, through the blinding smoke and dust from falling plaster. I jammed the car full and started for the first floor. When the car reached there we carried most of the women out in an unconscious condition."

Barclay was seriously burned, but made 10 trips through the flames and smoke before he would give up his car and have his injuries attended to.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

You can get a homestead in Mexico free, and do not have to live on it. We have secured and have absolute title to a magnificent tract of land in the Rio Tonto Valley, Mexico. This land is easily accessible, is very rich, and is especially adapted to the growing of bananas. All that is required of you is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 or more a month, and in three years after your trees are planted they will bring you a profit of from $200 to $500 an acre. We are starting a community and want you to let us send you our booklet telling all about it, and showing how you may participate on these profits and secure a permanent income. We invite you to visit the plantation and make a complete investigation of our company and the proposition we make, and satisfy yourself that we offer you a square deal. Write at once for full particulars. THE JANTHA PLANTATION CO., Block 884, Pittsburg, Pa.

83 MEN ARE INDICTED

Alleged Fake Race Promoters Accused.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Sept. 24.—The United States grand jury yesterday afternoon returned indictments against J. C. Maybray and 82 alleged confederates, charging conspiracy to defraud by the use of the United States mails in connection with the promotion of alleged fake races.

Eighty-four victims in all parts of the country are named. Half a million dollars is involved.

Among the victims of the alleged swindle are W. J. Springhorn, of Cleveland, and C. Nelson Pratt, of Toledo.

Victims in 18 states, the territory of Alaska and the dominion of Canada are named in the indictment, indicating the wide range of territory over which Mabray and his associates are alleged to have plied their vocation. As a basis of operation, they used, according to the indictment, the cities of Council Bluffs, Davenport and Burlington, Ia.; St. Louis, Little Rock, Seattle, Denver and New Orleans, to which places it is alleged victims were taken by the numerous "steerers."

In setting out the specific instances in which violations of the postal laws are charged, the indictment includes copies of many sensational letters said to have been exchanged between Maybray and his associates which refer to alleged "deals" and name various sums of money as having changed hands as a result of the operations of those mentioned in the indictment.

Only one man by the name of C. Nelson Pratt could be located in Toledo today. He is a custom house broker, doing business on the second floor at 222-224 St. Clair street, as head of the firm of C. N. Pratt & Co. Mr. Pratt denies any knowledge of the man Mowbray mentioned in the foregoing dispatch, and says the federal authorities are mistaken in the man, or that someone has been using his name. He admits receiving a subpoena from the federal court last Saturday, and states that he has written asking for more information in the matter.

Mr. Pratt further denied that anyone ever approached him with any such scheme as is outlined in the above dispatch, and that he has ever received any literature or letters through the mails from the parties mentioned.

NATIONAL TREASURER

Washington, Sept. 23.—Lee McClurg, the treasurer of the Yale university, has been selected as treasurer of the United States to succeed Charles H. Trest, who has resigned.

COOK HONORS PEARY

Names Rival Among Those Who Helped Pave Way to North Pole.

New York, Sept. 24.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook was given a remarkable ovation last night at the banquet tendered by the Arctic Club of America. Although the mayor of New York declined to sanction the explorer's claims to North Pole honors by attending this, the first public banquet in his honor, the New York City government was represented by Patrick F. McGowan, president of the board of aldermen, and Bird S. Coler, borough president of Brooklyn, and several other well-known men sat at the speakers' table.

Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, retired, presided by virtue of his position as president of the Arctic Club of America, under whose auspices the dinner was given. Other speakers were Professor William H. Brewer, of Yale, vice president of the Arctic club; Carl Von Moltke, the Danish minister at Washington, who is here as the representative of his government at the Hudson-Fulton celebration; Congressman William S. Bennet, of New York, and Job Hedges, a well-known Republican campaign orator.

Dr. Cook Speaks.

Dr. Cook, in his speech, said:

This is one of the highest honors I ever hope to receive. You represent most of the frigid explorers of Europe and nearly all of the Arctic explorers in America. Your welcome is the explorers' guarantee to the world—coming as it does from fellow workers, from men who know and have gone through the same experience—it is an appreciation and a victory, the highest which could fall to the lot of any returning traveler.

Gives Credit for Aid.

To John R. Bradley—the man who paid the bills—belongs, at least, one-half of this fruit. The Canadian government sent its expedition, under Captain Bernier, 1,000 miles out of its course to help us to it. I gladly basket the basket. In returning, shriveled skin and withered muscles were filled out at the expense of Danish hospitality. And last, but not least—the reception with open arms by fellow explorers—to you, and to all, belongs this basket of good things which the chairman has placed on my shoulder.

Nothing would suit me better than to tell you tonight the complete story of our quest, but the very first telegram gives more specific data than I could hope to tell you in an after-dinner address. Therefore, I shall devote the allotted time to an elucidation of certain phases of our adventure.

One of the most remarkable charges brought out is that I did not seek a geographic license to start for the pole. Now, gentlemen, to the large public that may be a mystery, but you who know will appreciate that no explorer can start and say that he will reach the pole. Many good men have tried before, all have failed. All who understand the problem know that success is but barely possible when every conceivable circumstance is favorable.

Sought to Escape Bombast.

It is only necessary to make announcement that an expedition embarks for the pole to start an undesirable bombast and flourish of trumpets. This I chose to escape. Mr. John R. Bradley furnished the funds. I shaped the destiny of the expedition. For the time being the business concerned us only. I believed then, as I believe now, that if we succeeded there would be time enough to fly the banner of victory. You are here tonight—Mr. Bradley is here, and I am here. We have come together to celebrate the victory.

Now, gentlemen, I appeal to you as explorers and as men. Am I bound to appeal to anybody, to any man, to any body of men—for a license to look for the pole?

Another criticism is the charge of our insufficient equipment. We have met this. You know that we had every possible aid to success in sled traveling. A big ship is no advantage. An army of white men, who at best are novices, is a distinct hindrance, while a cumbersome luxury of equipment is fatal to success. We chose to live a life as simple as that of Adam, and we forced the strands of human endurance to scientific limits. If you will reach the pole there is no other way. For our simple needs Mr. Bradley furnished sufficient funds.. We were not overburdened with the usual aids to pleasure and comfort, for I did not start for that purpose.

Defends His Account.

Now as to the excitement of the press to force things of their own picking from important records into print. In reply to this I have taken the stand that I have already given a tangible account of our journey. It is as complete as the preliminary reports of any previous explorer. The data, the observations, the record, are of exactly the same character. Heretofore such evidence has been taken with faith and the complete record was not expected to appear for years, whereas we agree to deliver all within a few months.

Now, gentlemen, about the pole. We arrived April 21, 1908. We discovered new land along the 102d meridian between the 84th and the 85th parallel. Beyond this there was absolutely no life and no land. The ice was in large heavy fields with few pressure lines. The drift was south of east, the wind was south of west. Clear weather gave good regular observations nearly every day. These observations, combined with those at the pole on the 21st and 22d of April, are sufficient to guarantee our claim. When taken in connection with the general record, you do not require this. I can see that, but this and all the other records will come to you in the due course of events.

Expresses His Gratitude.

I cannot sit down without acknowledging to you, and to the living Arctic explorers, my debt of gratitude for their valuable assistance. The report of this polar success has come with a sudden force, but in the present enthusiasm we must not forget the fathers of the art of polar travel. There is glory enough for all. There is enough to go to the graves of the dead and to the heads of the living.

Many are here tonight. The names are too numerous to mention. Special mention for honors must be made to Greely, Schley, Melville, Peary, Fiala, Nansen, Abruzzi, Cagni, Berdrup, Amundsen, Nordenskjold, and a number of English and other explorers.

Enters With Admiral Schley.

Dr. Cook entered the hall at 8 o'clock on the arm of Rear Admiral Schley. He did not pause to greet old friends or to meet new ones, but walked direct to his seat, while the guests cheered wildly. Their plaudits the explorer answered merely with a smile. He seated himself beneath the blue flag of the Arctic club with Rear Admiral Schley on his right and Caral Moltke, the Danish minister, on his left. Rear Admiral Schley occupied one seat of honor as toastmaster, president of the Arctic club and himself an Arctic hero, having guided the relief expedition to the ill-fated Greely party, while the Danish minister occupied the other, in view of his nation's first reception of the explorer. Patrick S. McGowan, president of the board of aldermen, sat next to Rear Admiral Schley, and in the chair at Mr. McGowan's right sat Bird S. Coler, president of the borough of Brooklyn, Dr. Cook's home town. Mrs. Cook did not attend the banquet proper, but occupied a balcony box during the latter part of the evening.

Reception Follows Dinner.

The banquet was to have been preceded by a reception, but after a long wait the diners crowded into the hall without a chance of previously shaking the hand of the explorer. The reason for Dr. Cook's delay and the abandonment of the reception was both amusing and, at the same time, characteristic of Dr. Cook's simplicity. It became known that he had landed in this country without having conventional evening clothes in his wardrobe and the suit ordered since his arrival here was late in being delivered to his room. For that reason the reception followed the dinner instead of preceding it.

The ballroom was decorated with patriotic colors, while over the explorer's head hung a picture of the globe, with its polar zone sharply defined.

Schley Pays Tribute.

In introducing Dr. Cook Rear Admiral Schley said:

"Like all who have achieved similar success in other fields of activity, Dr. Cook is challenged by envy, which often proceeds from disappointment. But to all fair and just-minded people there is only regrt that there should have been raised any issue over an achievement that was full enough of glory for both. Our guest's splendid bhavior under those trying circumstances has attracted the commendation of his countrymen and has added innumerable hosts to his friendship. I believe, as president of the Arctic Club of America, upon their statements that both Mr. Peary and Dr. Cook reached the pole. I hail their chivalrous and persistent courage. I believe, further, that these two gentlemen reached the pole, because men who are willing to make those sacrifices in a region of such terrific danger and such constant peril are made of material that does not bleach out in the wash. All honor to them!"

When the regular list of speakers had been gone through there were repeated and insistent calls for John R. Bradley. For a while Mr. Bradley was unresponsive, but finally he rose and said:

"Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole; I didn't." Then he sat down again, amidst renewed cheering.

DEATH LIST GROWING

There May Be 150 Flood Victims.

New Orleans, Sept. 24.—Belated reports today of death and destruction from Monday's hurricane in Louisiana and Mississippi, show further loss of life and property. The list of dead is now over 100. With little hope that a number of others reported missing escaped, the total dead may reach 150.

News of 15 additional deaths along the waterways between Morgan City, La., and the gulf, and on the adjacent coast have been received. Nearly all of these were fishermen caught in small craft by the storm.

Stories brought here by persons arriving from the stricken districts reveal many pathetic and unusual occurrences. A 4-year-old child was found lodged in the branches of a tree on the lower coast of Terrebonne parish, having survived for three days without food or water. Two other children about the same age were found on a mound in the middle of the prairie, between Terrebonne Bayou and Little Gaillou. No other signs of human life were in evidence in the vicinity.

Traveling on foot to his home in lower Terrebonne, after being released from the penitentiary, where he had served many years for manslaughter, an aged white man was swept to his death just as he came in sight of his house. Another story is told of a man who, after searching for hours for his wife and four children, discovered their bodies. Without help he dug graves and buried them.

One of the striking incidents of the relief work along the coast was the rescue of a family in a small boat in which a baby had been born an hour before the relief steamer arrived.

Danderine

Grows Hair and we can PROVE IT!

DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows:

"When I began using Danderine my hair would not come to my shoulders and now it is away below my hips.

Another from Newark, N. J.

"I have been using Danderine regularly. When I first started to use it I had very little hair, now I have the most beautiful long and thick hair anyone would want to have."

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

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MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. Free. The Exchange, Box 829, E, Kansas City, Mo.

California land for sale. Farms, hop, fruit and stock ranches. Add. Fred C. Smith, Ukiah, Cal.

RICH GOLD YIELD THIS YEAR

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 22.—According to James M. Hamill, a wealthy miner who has just returned from Fairbanks, Alaska, the gold output of the Tanana valley this year will be more than $12,000,000 and would have gone up as high as $15,000,000 had weather conditions been favorable. Owing to a scarcity of water in the early part of the year, the output was curtailed.

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MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

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Please send me by mail in plain, sealed wrapper your Book on Rupture, measuring blank and price list free of charge.

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WHITNEY UPHOLDS COOK

Young Sportsman Writes to Mother of Explorer's Great Exploit.

New York, Sept. 22.—Harry Whitney, the young New Haven sportsman, upon whose testimony the North Pole controversy largely hinges, has been heard from and in effect supports Dr. Cook's contention that he reached the North Pole.

Mrs. Whitney, his mother, received a letter dated September 5, in which Whitney says;

"I saw Dr. Cook at Etah. He has accomplished a great thing. He is bound to become a great man. He claims to have reached the North Pole and from evidences I believe he has."

Whitney is the man to whom Dr. Cook says that he entrusted some of his instruments and confided the secret that he had reached the North Pole. Whitney subsequently joined the Peary party, but left on a side trip up the Labrador coast, on a hunting expedition. Commander Peary has said that Whitney spoke no word of Cook's discovery and this has been used largely to the Brooklyn explorer's discredit. The personal testimony of the young New Haven man has, therefore, been eagerly awaited.

TWELVE MEN ARE DROWNED

Go Down With Wrecked Ship in Atlantic.

Baltimore, Sept. 27.—Six survivors out of a crew of 18 are aboard Winter Quarter lightship, the remaining 12 men having perished, according to a report made by Captain Delano of the steamer Porto Rico which arrived here today from New York.

The Porto Rico was not able to take the survivors from the lightship and did not get the name of the wrecked ship.

THIRTY-TWO CHILDREN IN THIS FAMILY.

Lansing, Mich., Sept. 22.—What is probably a record number of children in one family was disclosed yesterday through the receipt of a birth certificate at the secretary of state's office, showing that Joseph Tatro, 58, Pinconning township, Bay county, is the father of 20 children, and the stepfather of 12 others, making a total of 32 children in the family.

At the time of his marriage to Hattie Chabineau, Tatro had 15 children of his own, and she had 12. Since then they have added five more to the list. The father is a native of Michigan.

WORLD DID NOT END

But It Soon Will, Say "Triunes."

West Duxbury, Mass., Sept. 24.—Inspired by the conviction that today would bring the end of the world, the 300 and more members of the Latter Reign of the Apostolic church, or Triune Immersionists, as they prefer to be called, assembled about their place of worship early in the forenoon to await the destruction and purification of the world by fire, in fulfillment of their own prophesy.

As the appointed time drew near the believers filled the chapel and devoted their energies to the singing of hymns. Shortly before 10 o'clock the skies darkened, and those who had been watching for a sign appeared convinced that the millenium was at hand. One hymn followed another as the believers waited for the final purification. Ten o'clock came, but the sky brightened, and the millenium, in the opinion of the believers, was apparently postponed for a brief period of time.

It was then explained that a revelation which was made to one of their number last night indicated that the destruction was to be deferred until some time during the 24 hours beginning at 6 o'clock this evening. The faithful still continued confident that their prophecies would be fulfilled, and they spent the remainder of the forenoon praying and singing hymns.

BOAT IN PIRATE HANDS

American Officers and Filipino Crew Believed to Be Massacred.

Manila, Sept. 25.—Official dispatches from southern ports say it is rumored that the revenue cutter Sora has been captured by Moro pirates and the crew murdered. The authorities have been unable to secure confirmation of the rumor, although dispatches have been sent to all adjacent points.

The Sora was used as a patrol boat against the Moro pirates of the southern archipelago in the general campaign against smuggling inaugurated by the insular government a short time ago. It was commanded by Capt. E. A. McGorty and carried a crew of 14, all Filipinos.

The cutter left Balabao, 20 miles south of Palanan, carrying J. L. Perrine, collector of the port, who was bound to Sundakan, in British North Borneo, to purchase supplies. Nothing has been heard of the vessel since.

Rescues Deaf-Mute

Miss Grace O'Shea and Frederick Berger, a deaf mute, whom she saved from being thrown into the sea by a crazed stoker on board the Graf Waldersee in mid-Atlantic. Miss O'Shea, who is an athletic woman, seized the madman's right wrist and, while turning it around in jiu-jitsu fashion, called for help. Among the officers who responded was Third Officer Schumann Heink, son of the noted opera singer.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

SEEING THE PICTURES

Elizabeth Ayres

YOU know, and I know, that occasionally there comes a day when we awaken in the morning with a sort of homesick, gone feeling, as if life had grown gray and wind-beaten and held nothing that was worth while.

"Why should I go on?" we think. "Some one else can fill my place as well; what's the use of trying to be or to do?"

We know this mood will not last, but while it is upon us the images it conjures are none the less real and terrifying. We take it seriously and succumb to that dreadful, sinking, all-is-over sensation that makes us picture our whole remaining existence as joyless, loveless and mirthless, so long as we shall remain in this vale of tears. It is utterly absurd, of course, to feel this way, but in spite of its absurdity there are few who, if they would confess the truth, could deny their guilt.

Such a day came to me not long ago and I fell a victim to this "homesickness," which is, in reality, a weariness of spirit that neither home nor "the folks" can cure, and I wanted to stop doing things and be nothing for ever and ever. There was no cause for this; no calamity, no illness, no grief or trouble. The sky was blue and the sun was bright. I had more than enough to eat and wear. I had friends who would welcome me if I wanted to "go visiting;" work to do and time for a little pleasuring if I was so inclined. All this I told myself, and yet life looked bleak and barren in spite of all I had to make me contented, and in spite of the beautiful September weather.

Nothing was the matter, but everything seemed to be wrong and with no cure for it, until I happened to remember a paragraph I had recently read somewhere, and it kept going insistently through my brain. This was it:

"Great nature, with her wonderful variety, her philosophy and promise and insistent religion, her reiteration of God before law, can fortify us for the trials of life."

My trials were mostly imaginary, but the paragraph was a little rift in the clouds that let through a message. Suddenly I discovered how much beauty there was in the vegetable garden that forms part of the view from my windows. To be sure, plain, "kitchen" vegetables fill it, and the sunflowers that flanked the fence so gorgeously only a short time ago have performed their mission and now are withered, frayed-out and ragged, but the green of other plants is there, and the plants are sturdy, thriving things which have nearly reached their fruition. A wide-spreading pumpkin vine has taken possession of much of the garden territory and is a "gay denizen," with its many yellow blossoms and young pumpkins growing round and fat and golden under the sheltering leaves.

Green things a-growing have power to soothe and charm, and when the sun shines on them and little, white butterflies flutter airily over them, and a frisky squirrel goes whisking along the top of the fence, one forgets the plants mean pies and tomato catsup and various other homely dishes, and sees only their freshness and beauty, though their practical use does not lack for appreciation at the proper time and occasion.

Someway, the garden seemed like a picture. "Why not make this a picture day," I thought; "get ashamed of yourself for being gloomy and go somewhere and absorb more nature."

Already my mental horizon was clearing and it grew steadily brighter in a place I knew that was "near country." It did not take long to reach it by street car, and a short walk brought me to a hillside where pine trees growing so close together that their branches interlaced, formed a shelter where one might be protected, if need be, from the sun and wind. There was a gentle breeze that day, and it went through the pine trees with a low humming sound that was like music. Did you ever listen to the wind in the trees and hear the songs it sings?

The hill sloped down into a meadow, broken by a narrow, winding stream, and edged at its far side with trees whose foliage was faintly tinted with autumn's pigments. The autumn tints were on the verdure of the meadow. From the sun a golden light was shining and over-arching was the blue sky, serene and unclouded. A picture more beautiful than artist could paint was there for anyone who had eyes to see it.

I never understood the thought which makes the autumn a sad time of year to so many. It is not an ending; it is spring's promise come true; a promise which each year is renewed and fulfilled, and will be renewed and fulfilled so long as the earth shall endure. Fruits are ripening and the flowers never have more brilliant coloring than in their last bloom. It is nature's pageant, so why be sad about it, since it all will come again?

There were more pictures I saw that day; pictures of quiet and peace and loveliness that brought finer and better thoughts than those of self and lifted me out of morbid fancies.

Every season has its charm, and somewhere, if you will only look, you can find the pictures. The busy, plain days of life are the happiest, I know, but occasionally they grow trying and monotonous, and some time, when weariness of things and self comes upon you, run away from your "plain day" for a little while and go looking for the pictures.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

When we say "good morning," may it be with the spirit of love, and may this glowing spirit be in all we say and do and think this day, and through all days to come.

MONDAY

To the giver shall be given;
If thou wouldst walk in light
Make other spirits bright;
Who, seeking for himself alone, ever entered heaven?

TUESDAY

Cheer up! There are sunny days in store for you, even if you are in the midst of clouds now. The sun is always in its place, but the clouds appear and disappear.

WEDNESDAY

Like the scent of a rose in the sweet month of June
Is your cheer-giving thought put in words oportune.

THURSDAY

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn!

FRIDAY

He can do more for others who has done most with himself. Mastery of circumstances comes only through mastery of self.

SATURDAY

Set your standard high; and though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence.

"FIXATIVES"

An excellent laundress who has never been known to fade a summer frock, says she has a special "fixative" for every color. Alum used in rinsing water will prevent green from fading. A handful of salt thrown into the rinsing water will set blue. Ox-gall is good to use for gray and brown. Hay water made by pouring boiling water over hay is excellent for washing tan or brown linen.

FRUIT CENTERPIECES

Fruit used as a centerpiece is very handsome when dipped first into white of egg, lightly beaten, then granulated sugar. Dry on a sieve and serve very cold on a bed of grape leaves. Grapes, plums and berries are the most adapted to this form of serving. Apples and peaches are best left with their blushing cheeks unadorned.

TO KEEP DINNER WARM

A country woman who wants to keep dishes of food warm for the tardy one places what she considers will be eaten in small dishes and they are placed in a large pan in the oven and this pan contains a pint of boiling water. A lid is placed over the pan and the food keeps warm and does not dry out.

WOMEN AS BUSINESS BUILDERS

It is not generally known that many women have secured prominence in the world as business builders. This statement does not apply alone to those who succeeded to the management of affairs which had been previously conducted by their husbands, but to those who started from small beginnings and have worked their way to the front by their own efforts. Sketches of several such women are published in The Book-Keeper for September in an article written by E. W. Gearing.

Among the women he tells of who have reason to be proud of themselves, is Mrs. Mary Elitch Long, whose public gardens, menagerie and theatre in the Highlands near Denver form together one of the show places of the city which is known to every traveler who has gone to Colorado for health or pleasure.

Although her first husband, John Elitch, purchased the farm from which the gardens were formed in 1890, their growth and success has been due to her, for he died the following year and the carrying out of the plan to form a show place and amusement park was left to her. It was no easy task, for the gardens and all the rest were in an embryonic state when she was put to the acid test of the panic of 1893. That she proved her business ability then when capital on which she counted was withdrawn and when men were going down to bankruptcy and defeat was proof enough of what might be expected of her.

She has lived up to the promise of those dark days and has evolved an amusement enterprise which is valued at close to $400,000. To estimate the woman and to understand that her busniess has in no way caused her to temporize with her own convictions it is significant to know that she never permitted the sale of intoxicating liquors in her gardens, although at times and hard times especially, she has been offered all the backing she wanted if she would give out liquor selling concessions. It was after she had placed her gardens on a paying basis that she married Thomas D. Long, but she still remains the moving spirit of the gardens.

A woman who has developed a successful business from an idea which came from a chance remark, is Mrs. Augusta Matzner, of New York City. It was while she was on a trip to Europe a number of years ago that a merchant with whom she was talking at a reception remarked casually that he wondered whether there was any market in America for old rubbers and overshoes. Mrs. Matzner thought this request strange and on inquiring found that many tons of worn out rubber foot gear were being thrown away or used for small profit in Europe.

When she returned to America, Mrs. Matzner had something more valuable than Parisian frocks. It was something on which the custom inspectors could not assess duty, for it was an idea. She made a round of the New York rubber redeemers and manufacturers and learned that old rubber was in demand all the time. She cabled the European merchant with whom she had first talked, to send her all the old rubbers he could get. She sold the shipment at a good profit. For two years she did business in this way, depositing her profits always in the same bank. Finally she found that she could get the trade of a number of the largest European firms and for this she needed much more capital than she possessed. She went to the president of the bank with which she had done business and asked for a large loan. If the president had been skeptical as to her ability, the explanation she gave him of the future of the old rubber trade convinced him and she got the loan. Today she receives old rubber from Europe in thousand ton lots and is one of the largest factors in the rubber redeeming trade.

Quite an unusual experience has been that of a woman who started out at the age of 15 to make her own living and who has followed that line until today she is the head of a firm that ranks among the larger houses of its sort. The woman is Mary Elizabeth, of Syracuse, and her specialty is candy. When she was a little girl she made candy which her friends praised so much that she set out to sell her product. She carried it in a basket, and in order to do business in two places at once without paying an assistant, she established the now famous "Help Yourself" booth in the university building at Syracuse. "Help Yourself" was the sign she left on a basket of sweets while she went off with another basket to make sales personally. The presumption of honesty on the part of the purchaser made an instant "hit" and Mary Elizabeth prospered accordingly. In all the time she ran this free-for-all basket she lost but $5, so there is little wonder that today, as the head of a large firm, she has an abiding faith in the honesty of the average person.

MARY ELIZABETH.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

You may not wish to admit a farmer from the Buckeye state, but I will make a try. I am just coming to 21 years of age, am more than six feet tall and weigh 176 pounds. I have black hair, gray eyes and a mighty appetite. So much for myself. My real object in writing is to correct a few mistaken ideas which some persons hold concerning the farmers. We do not do everything by machinery, from feeding the pigs to feeding ourselves; neither do we work from 3 a. m. to 10 o'clock at night, and then go to bed on a hot feather bed. Neither do we wear chin whiskers and say "by gosh!"

I live in the beautiful county of Wayne, which, by the way, fattens and markets more horses than any county in the United States. We live on farms ranging from 50 to 200 acres in extent, and follow mostly the four years rotation of corn, oats, wheat and grass. Nearly all the products are fed to the stock. We raise also a large amount of potatoes which we market direct. The people are intelligent far above the average of the residents of the various cities I have visited and studied, for we have none of the ignorance found among the lower class in the city. Only a few miles from here is the beautiful agricultural experiment station, which has cost the state thousands of dollars, but which is doing a great and wonderful work for the farmers. I am personally acquainted with nearly all the members of the staff, and they are noble, honest men, who are bent on making a success of their work.

Please pardon me for writing so much, but if you can swallow this without choking, I may at some future time tell you a little about myself. I assure you my history is interesting. With best wishes to all,—Hamlet's Ghost.

Although I have only written once since my initiation into our society, I feel like an old member and I am going to write as such. Before I touch upon any other subject I want to speak of "Old Discontent's" last letter to the Cozy Corner. When she speaks of supposed duty and our lives being wrecked upon that rock, I agree with her. Many incidents of my own life bring its truth back to me. I would like to know her.

"The Big School Teacher's" letter was friendly, sensible and interesting. I hope she will visit us again soon.

The subject under discussion now, I think, is, "The Kind of a Husband You Would Like." My thoughts have rested very lightly on that problem and I really do not know whether my statements will meet the approval of the members or not, but here they are: First, he must be tall, dark complexioned and not too slender. Second, he must have a fairly good education and be able to converse upon any subject under discussion. I would rather he had made his own way in the world and climbed up by his own resources. He may smoke cigars once in a while, but smoking cigarets and drinking are positively forbidden. I would like him to be kind, generous, thoughtful and sympathetic and, above all, truthful and honest. Now whether I ever find a man endowed with such graces I do not know, butI am going to be an old maid anyway, so I am not very anxious about it.

It is lonely here, almost all my girl friends are gone and the dear "Merry Go-Rounders" are even more welcome than usual.

My cows and horses are well and fat.—The California Cow Girl.

What kind of a woman do I admire for a wife? I would prefer her to be intellectual, proud and reserved, not the giggling, brainless, doll-like flirt, but the true-hearted, high-minded woman who would be a helpmate and companion always.

A woman with plenty of nerve and perseverance, one who does not scream at a mouse or fall over into a dead faint at the mere mention of a snake. A woman who could drive a four-in-hand or break a blooded colt and enjoy it. I should want my wife to be a dreamer and lover of nature, then we could sit among the flowers and listen to the birds and—dream. Above all things, deliver me from the gossip and the perpetual nagger. These are two sins that usually walk hand in hand and should be crushed out of society entirely. If people would think, and use a little will power, such habits would be overcome. This verse, with the rest of the poem, is my motto.

Make your will as strong as steel,
Firmly grip all wrong desires,
Hold each down with might and zeal,
Trimuphant smile while it expires.
Raoul de Coubert.

Please may a Wyoming girl join you? I do not believe I have ever read any letters in the M. G. R. from out here. How many of you have been to Cheyenne for a Frontier celebration? Goodness, not one? Then let me tell you a little about it.

The cowboy, with his bright colored shirt and chaps, large sombrero, lariat and tanned, pleasant face. The cowgirl with a sombrero, divided skirts and jolly, happy face, riding her pony in the free, careless western fashion. The Indians in their bright blankets and beads and long strings of elk teeth, either watching the crowds with apparently no interest at all, or dancing their queer war dances, and last, but by no means least, the bronco, bucking and fighting hard for liberty that had been his until he was brought off range. All these go to make Frontier.

I think the most interesting of the program is the bucking contest. The cowboys have to ride outlaws with hackamore and spurs, and if they are thrown or "pull leather" they can't contest for the world's championship. The horses are wild and terrible and fight with all their strength. The king of the bucking horses at Frontier is a glossy black horse called "Steamboat." He bucks, sunfishes, mills, jumps and does all in his power to remove his rider.

Another interesting feature is the roping, throwing and tying of wild steers. The trick is to see which can do this in the quickest time. The quickest record this year was 4 4-5 seconds. This sometimes proves rather cruel, for they sometimes hurt the steer in throwing it, but it is quickly killed and the Indians are always on hand to carry it off to their wigwams. Best wishes to you all.—Jennie Myers.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I think we have had enough letters regarding ideal husbands and wives, so before the subject grows monotonous it will be gently, but firmly, dismissed. Descriptive letters, telling of objects of interest, scenes, industries of which you have knowledge, ways of entertaining, experiences in earning your own living, are always desirable and welcome. Any one who has a subject for discussion, please let it be known. You know we are brave enough to "tackle" anything, no matter how profound.—Miss Prudence.

Never think when you have met with a great disappointment that the end has come and all is over. There never was a wall yet but that some way could be found either through or around it.

Within the past week we have heard from Dadda's Housekeeper, Don A., Mattie M. Hodges, Edith Who? Mary Teen of W. Va., Lonesome Dottie, Mayme from the Lone Heights, Pennemite Jake, and Vesta Council.

Pennemite Jake—Your "window drift" is pretty good, but we have more poetry than we possibly can use. You haven't written to the M. G. R. for some time. Why not? We miss your cheerful presence.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner is a "rescue" department, designed to assist those who are in search of some song or poem, either old or new, of which they can furnish a line or verse as a clue. These clues are published under the head Poems Requested, and in most instances some one meets the request by furnishing the poem asked for. When asking for poems and when sending them in, if possible, kindly give the author's name. The department is open to everyone. Address Editor The Poets' Corner, The Blade.

THE WATER MILL

By D. C. McCallum.

Oh, listen to the water mill through all the livelong day,
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the fields the reapers sing while binding up the sheaves!
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;
The rippling stream flows on, aye tranquil, deep and still,
But never glideth back again to busy water mill.
A solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by and youth is passing, too.
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away,
Nor leave one tender word unsaid; thy kindness sow broadcast—
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by!
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned, unheard.
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast:
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water mill;
Nor wait until tomorrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou canst call thy own lies in the phrase "today;"
Possessions, power and blooming health must all be lost at last,
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow-man; thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
Soon will this flight of life be o'er and earth recede from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true;
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past."

LOVERS ONCE

Author Unknown.

Fond lovers once, but strangers now;
Alas! those words bring bitter pain.
If heaven would grant the boon I ask,
'Twould give me back my love again.
Now wealth has marked thee for its own,
And raised a wall 'twixt me and thee.
Like some bright star I worship thee,
Still sighing it was not to be.

CHORUS.

Lovers once, but strangers now,
Tho' pledged with many a tender vow;
Still I'd give the world to be
All that I was once to thee.

Ah! if I thought I could forget
My dream of love that was so sweet,
If ever chance should let us meet;
Tho' lovers once we're strangers now;
Our paths have drifted far apart.
Go where I will—meet whom I may,
Your image still is in my heart.

POEMS REQUESTED

Can anyon give all of the poem, Indian Names, beginning as follows:

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave.

A poem called The Infidel's Lament is wanted. These are some of its lines:

Reason, I choose thee for my guide,
I'll hear thy voice and none beside.

Where the Hand of God Is Seen, a poem by Jack Crawford, the cowboy poet, is asked for.

Here is rather of an indefinite clue to a poem asked: "Along the gravel walk," or "beside the gravel walk."

These two songs are inquired for: Lost and Undone, and Blessed Jesus Thou Hast Saved Me.

These songs are wanted: 'Tis a Picture from Life's Other Side, Texas Ranger, and A Package of Old Letters.

Can anyone send in the song called Letter Edged in Black?

THE YOUNG MAN WAITED

BY J. EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

In the room below the young man sat
With anxious face and white cravat,
With a throbbing heart and a silken hat,
And various other things like that,
Which he had accumulated.
And the maid of his heart was up above,
Surrounded by hat and gown and glove
And some thousand things that women love,
But no man knows the name thereof—
And the young man sat—and waited.

You would scarce believe the things I tell,
But the truth thereof I know full well,
Though now may not be stated.
But I swear to you that the maiden took
A sort of a half-breed, thin stove-hook,
And heated it well in the gaslight there
And thrust it into her head of hair!
Then she took a something off the bed
And hooked it unto her hair or head;
Then she piled it high and piled it higher
And drove it home with staples of wire,
And the young man anxiously—waited.

Then she took a thing she called a puff
And some very peculiar whitish stuff,
And, using about a half a peck,
She spread it over her face and neck.
(Deceit was a thing she hated).
She looked as fair as the purest flower,
Or a pound of lard or a sack of flour.
And the young man wearily—waited.

Then she took a garment of awful shape,
And it wasn't a waist, nor yet a cape,
But it seemed like a piece of ancient mail,
Or an instrument from a Russian jail,
And then with a fearful groan and gasp
She squeezed herself in its deathly clasp,
So fair and yet so fated!
And then with a move like I don't know what,
She tied it on with a double knot.
And the young man woefully—waited.

Then she put on a dozen different things,
A mixture of buttons and hooks and strings,
Till she strongly resembled a notion store;
Then taking some seventeen pins or more,
She thrust them into her ruby lips,
Then stuck them around from neck to hips,
And never once hesitated;
And the maiden didn't know, perhaps,
That the man below had seven naps,
And that now he sleepily—waited.

And then she tried to put on her hat.
Ah me! a trying ordeal was that.
She tipped it high and she tried it low,
But every way that the thing would go
Only made her more agitated,
It wouldn't go straight and it caught her hair,
And she wished she could hire a man to swear;
But alas, the only man lingering there
Was the man who wildly—waited.

And then before she could take her leave
She had to pump up her monstrous sleeve;
Then a little dab there and a wee pat there,
And a tuch or two to her hindmost hair;
Then around the room with the utmost care
She thoughtfully circulated.
Then she squeezed her gloves and a chamois skin,
Some breath perfume and a long stickpin,
A bon-bon box and a cloak and some
Eau de cologne and chewing gum;
Her opera glass and a sealskin muff,
A fan and a heap of other stuff,
Then she hurried down, but ere she spoke,
Something about the maiden broke.
So she hurried back to the winding stair,
And the young man looked in wild despair,
And then he—evaporated.

GATHERING UP THE SHELLS FROM THE SHORE

Author Unknown.

I wandered today to the sea shore;
The winds and waves were low,
And they brought back the days that we
Spent, Maud, many of the long years ago.
The shells were whiter than ever,
The waves they were lovelier than before,
Yet they call back the days that we spent
Maud, gathering up the shells from the shore.

CHORUS.

Gathering up the shells from the sea shore,
Gathering up the shells from the shore;
Oh! these were the happiest days we spent
Maud, gathering up the shells from the shore.

Do you remember the days that we spent Maud,
The last time we wandered on the shore;
Our hearts were so joyous and gay Maud,
You promised to be mine forever more;
Then the shells they were whiter than ever,
The waves were lovelier than before,
Yet they call back the days that we spent Maud,
Gathering up the shells from the shore.

CHORUS.

But now we are growing up in years Maud,
Our locks are all silvered and gray;
And the hours that we spent on the sea shore
Is fresh in our memories today.
There still is a charm in those bright shells,
The sound of the deep ocean's roar,
Yet they call back the days that we spent
Maud, gathering up the shells from the shore.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A FAD CLUB

Something new in the way of a club is what is called The Fad Club, an account of which appeared in The Woman's Home Companion for September. The club described is made up of 15 members and it meets every fortnight, with the understanding that there shall be absolutely no gossip. At the initial meeting each one chose some subject of special interest to her individual self, and these, one at a time, make a club day. At one meeting the subject-holder read an interesting paper on needlework, while the rest took samples of beautiful work done by some member of the family. In many cases it was the work of grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

At another meeting Poetry was the subject. Each member brought her favorite poem, or some new one of which she did not catch the meaning. Other subjects are chickens, nursing, gardening, pyrography, etc., anything that happens to particularly interest some one of the club members. Refreshments are served by the hostess of the day, but they are limited to three things.

Now here is an idea for anyone who wishes to put it in operation. It is possible to give it many variations. —Editor.

FOR DEMONA

Since reading lonely Demona's letter, I thought I must write a word of consolation to her. Dear sister, your's surely must be a hard lot. As I read your letter I tried to picture in my mind what such a home as you describe yours to be, would be like, surely it is not a pleasant place. I have never had such things to endure, as my husband is very temperate. He neither uses tobacco nor strong drink, and is good and kind, therefore I suppose you will think me a poor hand to advise you, but down deep in my heart I sympathize with you. The best thing I can tell you is to still pray and hope on, for who can know what earnest prayer may do if it is backed by a godly life. The Bible says, "Whatsoever ye ask in faith nothing wavering or doubting, ye shall receive." We cannot always expect to have our prayers answered just in our way and at our time, but in God's time and in His way. Perhaps it is not God's time to answer your prayers, but His grace is strong enough to save even drunkards.

I am so glad to have you say you have peace with God. As for yourself, still fight on. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to those that endure unto the end.—Mrs. W. H. Williams.

I wish to say a word of cheer to Demona. My heart goes out to you, for I, too, have my ideas of a happy home. That is as much to me as yours is to you, only in a different way. Did you ever stop to think that the trouble which comes to each of us is the thing that seems the hardest to bear? So after 25 years of suffering, I must tell you to do your duty as God lets you see it. No one can advise you, but you just do the work he sends to you, and, as you are ready for it, He will send something else. Keep praying, as I shall for you—M. H. E.

LOVE AND MONEY

Our motto is to life up, aid, comfort and cheer, and scatter sunshine along the way, but we cannot live up to it without the love of God in our hearts, but with our hearts filled with pure love, we can follow our motto and be happy, even if we have but little, while on the other hand, if we had money and no love, our lives would be failures. One writer said that money is a fine article to have around the house. The Bible is a finer one and much safer. Home is not merely roof and rooms; it needs something more to make it dear. Home is where the heart can bloom, where there is some one to cheer away the gloom. Home is only sweet when there is some one we love to meet us. If we mothers were to give our children a dollar every day and scold and fret all the while, do you think the money would make them happy? No; give them kind words and greet them with a smile and they will be happy and contented at their play all day long. I believe this is the way of the world. I am sure it is with me. I could never worship the gold and glitter of earth.

Grandma, come again soon. Grandmas can always tell us something good. The word, grandma, stands next to mother and home.—Emma Overby.

HER CURIO GARDEN

A little woman who lives in an old ladies' home started a curio garden in a large flower pot in which a rubber plant had lived, thrived and died. The crock was immense and in it she planted a peanut, some hemp seed, a cranberry, date seed and a California pepper. This queer family grew splendidly, and finally the date seed palm occupied a crock by itself.

CONCERNING DUTY

Dear Readers of the Cozy Corner:—After reading the latest from Old Discontent I feel impelled to write a little for the Cozy Corner. I do not see what she means about cutting out the moral duty. Life is full of duties. We have duties we owe to ourselves, to our children and parents and society. I think more lives are wrecked from a failure in the performance of duty than from a mistaken sense of the same. If husbands and wives had not failed in their duties to each other, we would not have so many divorces and so many little children left helpless. Perhaps O. D. felt her duty forced on her, but it was because others had failed in theirs. A fragment of an old poem comes to my mind:

This world is a world of beauty
Like other worlds above,
And if we but did our duty
It might be full of Love.

A troubled mother merits our greatest sympathy.—F. M. A.

A FEW REMARKS

I must speak in regard to the variance between Discontent and H. Greeley Miller.

In demonstrating his opinion I do not believe Mr. Miller meant to accuse Discontent of lack of spirit, for that is something she must possess a great deal of. I also believe he understands the difference between happiness and contentment, though we are never discontented and happy at the same time. In regard to well fed swine and other contented animals, I would say that I have seen the expression of happiness on the faces of the dumb brought out by kindness. Kindness springs from that sustaining love without which the tie between man and woman would be worse than naught.

I would not exclude a bachelor from happiness. Paul was a bachelor. Why? He was also in quest of happiness, and from what source? In conclusion, I will say that I am the one who wrote "Another View" on Discontent's case, demonstrating that injustice was the cause of her trouble. —Carolyn M. Opland.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

We have received so many letters of sympathy for "Demona," that it is impossible to print them all. The trend of the advice is for her to stop crying, be as cheerful as she can and to keep faith in God and his goodness. It is to be regretted the letters cannot be published, but you see our space is limited. Always, whenever an appeal for advice or sympathy is made through this department, there are many responses, which goes to show how kind-hearted and sympathetic the members of our corner are.

Letters recently received are from One Who Knows, A Happy Mother, Mrs. Fred Bauer, Hedron, Dew Drop, M. S. B., Old Sympathetic, A Vice Grand, Mary E. Hinds, A Wife, Mamma's Comfort, N. V., and Cheerful.

Mary E. Hinds—No, your request is not wrong, but it is impossible for me to grant it. I wish I might, but it would be against the rules of the paper.—Editor.

How is it with you? Are you trying to acquire the habit of being cheerful? If not, get busy.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

I am a little crippled boy and live in the state of West Virginia and I would like to write a letter for The Blade. We take The Blade and I like it very much. I am 13 years old and have not walked for over a year. As I have nothing else to write about, I will tell you something about my life and my pets. I was taken down when I was 5 years old and laid in bed three years, so I have been to school three winters and like to go. I did not go last winter, but I had my school treat all the same.

I have one pet. It is a cow and I call her Elsie. I am lying in my bed and writing. I can not write very well, so I will close, and if this is printed, maybe I will write again. Love and best wishes to all. I will sign my real name.—Earl Harsh.

Will you let me join you by letter? I am 11 years old and live on a farm of 160 acres in old Illinois. I have for my pets a dog, cat, bantam and a little red pig that follows me wherever I go. I go to church every Sunday and to school other days. This is the second time I have written, but my first letter I did not see in print. I hope this one will not follow it.—Jessie Tuessley.

I am a little girl. I live in Ashland, Ky., near the Ohio river, where there are some big hills. My father deals in lumber. This will be my first year in school. I will try hard to learn. This is my first letter for this good paper. If I see it in print I will write and tell you more about old Kentucky. I have one sister. Her name is Kathryn, and my name is—Mary Louise Page.

As I have not seen any letter from Monmouth, Oregon, I thought I would write to The Blade. We have been taking it for a year and like it very much. I like to read the letters from the children. I do not live on a farm. My papa has only three acres of land. I have passed the fourth grade in school and will be in the fifth grade next year. I take music lessons. As my little chum, Blossom, is writing, and this is the first time I have written, I will close.—Mildred.

My name is Blossom Whitehouse. I go to school. I will be in the fifth grade. I am 10 years old. I have one cat. It is very wild. I cannot catch it. One day I was in the chicken park and my cat was asleep and I slipped up and petted it, then I went on hunting eggs. After I had left my cat woke up and saw me. I am as old as my chum Mildred. I am going to stay with her all night. My chum's father and mother sleep in a tent and Mildred and I are going to sleep in the house—in the room next to the tent.—Blossom.

I am a little girl 8 years of age. You see I am not very old. I live in Oregon. We have two little white kittens and one dog. We have four cows. I came from Providence, Rhode Island. I like Providence the best. I have a good many friends. I will not write any more.—Mamma's Baby.

Boys and girls: I should like to join your happy band if my letter will not be tiresome.

I am a girl of 14 summers, have blue eyes and golden hair.

We have always lived in Michigan and I believe that I like it the best of all the other states.

I love horseback riding. I have swam the creek, back in the woods, on horseback many times.

My papa and mamma are very good to me and I have many amusements. I have a piano, camera and rifle and can use them all. I have taken lessons for four years, and like my camera and rifle very much.

I hope Leona will write again, as I like her letters very much, because I feel more acquainted with her, for she seems to like horseback riding. I sign myself my nickname.—Star.

Girls and boys, will you let a Happy Hoosier join you? I am a girl 13 years old. I live on a farm of 207 acres. 7½ miles from Bloomington, Ind. I walk a mile or more to school. I did not miss a moment of school last winter. I am in the seventh grade, and am taking music lessons. I like horses and dogs. We have five horses. Their names are Frank, Tobe, Bird, Bess and Gyp. I hauled haycocks this summer and helped papa put hay and oats in the barn. Mamma and I raised about 200 early chickens and we have 100 late ones. Our chickens are all Plymouth Rocks. We had bad luck with our ducks and only got two out of 36. I sold my papa a hog for $8.00 and my mamma some chickens for $3.00. I want to buy another hog or a calf if I can find one. I have a sister 20 years old and a niece 2 years old. Her name is Mildred. My name is Cora Wood, but my papa calls me—Tommy.

ROYAL BOYS

Little boys who expect to be kings and emperors when they grow up have a hard time of it. Many other children who think that they have to study hard would deem their lot an easy one if they knew what little princes have to go through in order to be prepared to take their places in the world when they grow up.

First of all, they have to learn many languages, at least four or five, and this before they are six years old; for they must be able to converse in the tongue of the guests who come to their court, not only with kings and princes, but also with ambassadors and foreign ministers and commanders of foreign vessels.

Besides they must learn a lot of history—the history of their own land and that of foreign lands. And they must know why wars are fought, and how they can be avoided; and, as they may be going to make history themselves, they must surely know as perfectly as possible how it is made. They must, of course, know what laws are for, and whether these laws are good or bad.

But studying is not the hardest thing for a little prince. He is not allowed to be naughty like other children, because whatever he does is of so much importance; and sometimes this is pretty hard.

The present king of Italy found this out when he was still very little—then they used to call him the Prince of Naples. The queen used to let other little boys come and play with him, and of course he liked to have his own way just as does any little boy. His mother did not like this at all. She wanted him to be more polite than any of the other children, and to give up readily, and she never, never wanted the other boys to yield to him merely because he was the Prince Royal. And this meant that he could never insist upon having his own way at all, unless the other boys let him have it of their own accord.

One day the Prince of Naples got into a real quarrel with one of his little playmates. The other boy said he did not think it was fair for him to insist upon having his way, and it made no difference who he was, because the queen wanted them to play fair.

Then the Prince of Naples got just as angry as a little American boy might get when playing with the boys in his "crowd," and he said:

"I don't care! You can have your own way now, but when I'm grown up and get to be king I'll have your head cut off."

Of course there was always some grown-up person around when the children played, to see that they kept out of harm, for if anything had happened to the Prince Royal it would have been a terrible thing. The The prince's governor was present; he overheard this remark, and repeated it to King Humbert and Queen Margaret.

Then the king and the queen sent for the Prince of Naples, and they talked to him very seriously. They told him that he should never, never, never dare to say such a thing again, and that he should not imagine that when he was grown he could cut people's heads off if they did not do as he liked. But this was not enough. They kept him three days on bread and water in a dark room, and told him to think it over, and also to make up his mind firmly that he would never, never, never think or say such a thing again.

Now this is the story as they used to tell it to me when I was a child in Italy, and I used to think that the poor little prince had a very hard time; and I suppose when American children hear about it they will think so, too. Of course the reason royal children have to be so careful in their behavior is that every one knows what they do, and if they are naughty and impolite it reflects upon the whole nation. All children should remember that it reflects upon their nation, too, if they are rude and ignorant, even if every one does not know about it. For all of us, little and big, can contribute to the building up of the reputation of a nation.—Lisi Cipriani, in Children's Magazine.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Paw Paw, Mich.—"I suffered terribly from female ills, including inflammation and congestion, for several years. My doctor said there was no hope for me but an operation. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can now say I am a well woman."
EMMA DRAPER.

Another Operation Avoided.

Chicago, Ill.—"I want women to know what that wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has done for me. Two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation, and I never thought of seeing a well day again. I had a small tumor and female troubles so that I suffered day and night. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me a well woman."—Mrs. ALVENA SPERLING, 11 Langdon St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

DR. COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

Continued from First Page.

arations were made to divide the party. The advance must be helped over the rough ice of the pack edge, and for this purpose Koolootingwah and Inugito were selected.

The other six Eskimos prepared to return. One sled was left with the cache to insure a good vehicle for our return in case the two sleds were badly broken en route.

A half gale was blowing into Nansen Sound from the northwest, but this did not interfere with the starting of those home-going Eskimos. With abundant game for the return they required little but ammunition to supply their wants.

Parting Brings Regret.

When the word was given to start, the dogs were gathered and the sleds were spanned with a jump. Soon they disappeared in the rush of driving snow. The crack of the whips and the rebound of cheering voices was the last which we heard of the faithful savage supporters. They had followed not for pay, but for a real desire to be helpful, from the dark days of the ending of night to the bright nights of the coming double days, and their parting enforced a pang of loneliness.

With a snow-charged blast in our faces it was quite impossible for us to start, so we withdrew to the snow igloo, entered our bags and slept a few hours longer. At noon the horizon cleared, the wind veered to the southwest and came within endurable force. The dogs had been doubly fed the night before; they were not to be fed again for two days. The 1,200 pounds for freight were packed on our sleds, and quickly we slipped around deep grooves in the great pollocrystic floes.

The snow had been swept from the ice by the force of the preceding storms and the speed attained by the dogs through even rough ice was such that it was difficult to keep far enough ahead to get a good course.

The crevesses and pressure lines gave little trouble at first, but the hard irregularity of the bare ice offered a dangerous surface for the life of our sleds passing through blue gorges among miniature mountains of sea-ice; on a course slightly west of north, we soon sank the bold headland which raises the northern point of Helberg island.

Camp of Great Floeberg.

After a run of 26 miles we pitched camp on a floeberg of unusual height. There were many big hummocks about to the lee of which were great banks of hardened snow. Away from land it is always more difficult to find snow suitable for cutting building blocks, but here was an abundance conveniently placed. In the course of an hour a comfortable palace of crystal was erected and into it we crept out of the piercing wind. The first day's march over the circumpolar sea was closed with a good record.

The dogs curled up and went to sleep without a call, as if they knew there would be no food until the morrow. My wild companions covered their faces with their convenient long hair and sank quietly into a comfortable slumber, but for me sleep was quite impossible. Letters must be written. The whole problem of our campaign must be again carefully studied and final plans must be made, not only to reach our ultimate destination, but for the returning parties and for the security of the things at Annootok.

It was difficult at this time to even guess at the probable line of our return to land. Much depended upon conditions encountered in the northward route. Though we had left caches of supplies, with the object of returning along Nansen Sound into Cannon Fjord and over Arthur Land, I entertained grave doubts of our ability to return this way.

If the ice drifted strongly to the east we might not be given the choice of working out our own return. In that event we would be carried, perhaps, helplessly to Greenland, and must seek a return either along the east coast or the west coast.

This drift did not offer a dangerous hardship, for the musk oxen would keep us alive to the west, and to the east it seemed possible to reach Shannon island, where the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition had abandoned a large cache of supplies. It appeared not improbable also that a large land extension might offer a safe return much farther west.

Francke's Instructions.

Because of this uncertainty Francke was instructed to wait until June 5, 1908, and if we did not return he was told to place Koolootingwah in charge and go home, either by the whalers or by the Danish ships to the south.

No relief which he could offer would help us, and to wait for an indefinite time alone would have inflicted a needless hardship. This and many other instructions were prepared for Koolootingwah and Inugito to take back.

In the morning the frost in crystals had been swept from the air, but there remained a humid chill which pierced to the bones. The temperature was minus 56 Fahrenheit. A light air came from the west and the sun burned in a freezing blue.

After a few hours' march, ice changed in character. The extensive thick fields gave place to moderate sized floes. The floes were separated by zones of troublesome crushed ice thrown into high pressure lines, which offered serious barriers, but with the ice ax and Eskimo ingenuity we managed to make fair progress.

The second run on the polar sea was 21 miles to our credit. I had expected to send the supporting party back from here, but progress had not been as good as expected. We could hardly spare the food to feed their dogs, so they volunteered to push along another day without dog food.

On the next day, with increasing difficulties in some troublesome ice, we camped, after making only 16 miles. Here a small snow house was built, and from here, after disposing of a pot of steaming musk ox loins and broth, followed by a double brew of tea, our helpers returned.

With empty sleds and hungry dogs they hoped to reach land in one long day's travel. But this would make the fourth without food for their dogs, and in case of storm or moving ice other days of famine might easily fall in their lot. They had, however, an abundance of dogs, and might sacrifice a few for the benefit of the many, as we must often do.

Koolootingwah and Inugito had been our bedfellows for the entire northward run and they had gone through many dangers and hard experiences together. We, therefore, felt more keenly their departure than the going of the first six. We were at first lonely, but the exigencies of our problem were soon sufficiently engaging to occupy every call and strain every fibre.

Now our party was reduced to three, and, though the isolation was more oppressive, there were the usual advantages for greater comfort and progress of a small family of workers. The increased number of a big expedition always enlarges the responsibility and difficulties. In the early part of a polar venture this disadvantage is eliminated by the survival of the fittest, but after the last supporting sleds return the men are married to each other and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfitted dog can be fed to his companions, but an injured or weak man cannot be put aside. An exploring venture is only as strong as its weakest member, and

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THE BLADE here prints another of the remarkable photographs taken by Dr. Cook on his North Pole dash. This shows the explorer's two Eskimo companions, who reached the Pole with him, dragging supplies across the ice. The picture gives a graphic view of the desolate region with great ice-floes at either side and it illustrates the manner in which progress was made after the party was reduced to three men.

increased members, like increased links in a chain, reduce efficiency.

One Degree in Three Days.

The personal idiosyncracies and inconveniences always shorten the day's march, but above all a numerous party quickly divides into cliques, which are always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this ardous task was but a part of an accustomed life of frost, I hoped to overcome many of the natural personal barriers to the success of Arctic expeditions.

By dead reckoning our position was latitude 82 degrees 23 minutes, longitude 95 degrees, 14 minutes. A study of the ice seemed to indicate that we had passed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence of land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and small ice, ahead was a cheerful expanse of larger floes. Using the accumulated vigor of men and beast, we had advanced a degree of latitude in three days. Our destination was about then 460 miles beyond.

But our life had assumed quite another aspect. Previously we permitted ourselves some luxuries. A pound of coal oil and a good deal of musk ox tallow were burned each day to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Extra meals were served when an occasion called for it and each man ate and drank all he desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet there was fire enough to dry them out, but all of this must now be changed.

There was a sharp daily allowance of food and fuel. One pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for men, with just a taste of other things. Fortunately we were well stuffed for the race with fresh meat in the lucky run through the game lands.

At first no great hardship followed the change of routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold meals and used superfluous body tissue. It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for an occasional breathing spell, as we had done along the land. With overloaded sleds the drivers must push and pull at the sleds to aid the dogs, and I searched the troubled ice for an easy route, cutting here and there with an ice ax to permit the passing of the sleds.

Stripped for the Race.

We were finally stripped for the race; man and dog must walk alone together through storms and frost for that elusive pivot. Success or failure depended mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

As we awoke on the following morning and peeped out of the eyeport the sun was edging along the northeast, throwing a warm orange glow on us that gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 63 degrees below zero Fahrenheit; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind and not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue.

After two cups of tea, a watch sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a boulder of pemmican, we crept out of the bags. The shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders which served as trousers, the feet were worked into frozen boots and then we climbed into fur coats, kicked the frost out of the snow house and danced about to start the fires of the heart.

Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed down. The dog traces were gathered into the dray lines with a vigorous snap of the long whip, the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps, the sleds groaned and the unyielding snow gave a metallic ring, but the train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Unne Noona Terronga Dosangwah" (Good land out of sight today), we said to one another, but the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Heiberg island was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls.

Wave of Mirages.

The stamp of reality had given place to a wave of curious mirages. Some peaks seemed like active volcanos, others rose to exaggerated heights and pierced the changing skies with mutiple spires like church steeples. Altogether this unexpected panorama of the upper surface of Grant Land under the influence of optical illusion gave us considerable entertainment.

At every breathing spell the heads turned to the land and every look gave a new prospect. From belching volcanos to smoking cities of modern bustle the mirage gave suggestive bits of scenes, but a more desolate line of coast could not be imagined.

Low wind swept and ice polished mountains were separated by valleys filled with great depths of snow and ice. The interior accumulation moved slowly to the sea, where it formed a low ice wall, a glacier of the Malaspina type, but its appearance was more that of heavy sea ice; hence the name of the fragments from the glacier—Poliocrystic ice, or iceberg, which, seen in Lincoln sea and resembling old floes, were supposed to accomplish the upbuilding of the ice of the North Polar sea.

Late in the afternoon the land suddenly settled as if by an earthquake. The pearly glitter which raised it darkened and a purple fabric was drawn over the horizon, merging imperceptibly with the lighter blue of the upper skies. We saw the land, however, repeatedly for several days whenever the atmosphere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestrial contour lines.

Everything was in our favor in this march. The wind was not strong and struck at an angle, making it possible to guard the nose by pushing a mitten under the hood or by raising the furclad hand. The snow was hard, and the ice, in fairly large floes, separated by pressure lines, offering little trouble. At the end of a forced effort of 14 hours the register indicated 29 miles.

Too tired to begin the construction of a house at once, we threw ourselves down on the sleds for a short breathing spell and fell asleep. Awakened about an hour later by a strong wind, we hastened to seek shelter. The heavy floe upon which we rested had several large hummocks and over to the lee of one of these was found suitable snow for a camp. Lines of snow vapor was rushing over the pack and the wind came with a rapidly increasing force.

But the dome was erected before we suffered severely from the blast and under it we crept out of the coming storms into warm furs.

It blew fiercely that night, but in the morning the storm eased to a steady draught, with a temperature of 59 degrees below.

At noon we emerged. The snow grays had been swept from the frigid dome, but to the north there remained a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much uneasiness. It was a narrow belt of water sky and indicated open water or very thin ice at no great distance.

The upper surface of Grant Land was a mere line, but a play of land clouds over it fixed the eyes on the last known rocks of solid earth. In this march we felt keenly the piercing cold of the polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to 46 below in the afternoon, but the chill of the shadows increased with the swing of the sun's glitter.

A Life-Sapping Wind.

It still blew that light, life-sapped draught which sealed the eyes and bleached the nose. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun, but instead, it came with a sharper edge. Our course was slightly west of north, the wind was lightly north of west; it struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. The moistened lashes quickly froze together in winking, and we were forced to halt frequently to unseal the eyes with the warmth of the uncovered hand. In the meantime we found the nose tipped with a white skin and it also required nursing. The entire face was surrounded with ice.

This experience brought warm language, but there was no redress. If we aimed to succeed, the face must be bared to the cut of the elements.

At about 6 o'clock, as the sun crossed the west, we reached a line of high pressure ridges. Beyond the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities. An active pack and troubled seas could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water sky widened, but became less sharply defined.

We managed to pick a way among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance and in a few hours we saw from an unusual uplift of ice blocks a broad, dark line separating the packs—a tremendous cut several miles wide which seemed at times to bar all further progress. We had a folding canvas boat on the sleds, but in a temperature of 48 degrees below zero no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together and over it a way was forged to the shore of the great lead.

Camp was made on a secure old field and over its huge ice cliffs the crack seemed like a long river winding between palisades of blue crystal. A thin sheet of yellow ice had already spread over the mysterious depth and a profusion of fantastic frost crystals were arranged in bunches resembling flowers. Through this young ice dark vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabrics and fell in feathers of dust along the sparkling shores. Etukhisbook went east and I went west to examine the lead for a safe crossing.

Camp Beside the Lead.

There were several narrow places, while here and there floes had been adrift in the lead and were now fixed by the young ice. Ahwelah remained to make our snow house comfortable.

In exploring the shore line a partially bridged place was found about a mile from camp; but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. A better atmospheric condition could not be afforded to quickly thicken the young ice.

The groaning ice and the eagerness to reach the opposite shores kept us awake for a long time. With the ear resting on the frozen sea the vibrations and noises of the moving pack were not unlike those of an earthquake.

Breakfast was served early and soon after we were on the thin ice to test its strength. Though the ice was hardly safe, it did not seem wise to wait longer, for the western skies were darkening with a wind that might destroy the new ice and compel a halt for a long time.

On snowshoes and with spread legs I led the way. The sleds with light loads followed. The surface vibrated as we moved along, but the spiked handle of the ice ax did not easily pass through. For about two miles we walked with an easy tread and considerable anxiety, but we had all been on similar ice before and we knew that with a ready line and careful watchfulness there was no great danger. A cold bath, however, in that temperature, 40 degrees below, could have had some serious consequences. In two crossings all our supplies were safely landed on the north shoes and fro there the lead had a much more picturesque aspect.

For a time this huge separation in the pack was a mystery to me. At first sight there seemed to be no good reason for its existence. Peary had found a similar break north of Robeson Channel. It seemed likely that what we saw was an extension of the same lead following at a distance the general trend of the northernmost land extension.

This is precisely what one finds on a smaller scale whenever two packs come together. Here we have the pack of the central polar sea meeting the land ice. The movement of the land ice pack is intermittent and usually along the coast. The shallows, grounded ice and projecting points interfere with a steady drift. The movement of the central pack is quite constant and almost in every direction.

The tides, the currents and the winds each give momentum to the floating mass. This lead is the breaking line between the two bodies of ice. It widens as the pack separates, narrows or widens with an easterly or westerly drift, according to the pressure of the central pack. Early in the season when the pack is little crevassed and not elastic it is probably wide; later as the entire sea of ice becomes active it may disappear or shift to a line nearer the land.

New Ice Stops Drift.

In low temperature new ice forms rapidly and this offers an obstruction to the drift of the old ice. As the heavy central ice is pressed against the unyielding land pack the small ice is ground up and even heavy floes are crushed. This reduced mass as small ice is pasted and cemented along the shores of the big lead, leaving a broad band of troublesome surface as a serious barrier to sled travel. It seems quite likely that this lead, or a condition similar to it, extends entirely around the polar sea as a buffer between the land and the middle pack.

With the big lead and its many possibilities for troublesome delay behind, a course was set to reach the 85th parallel on the 97th meridian. What little movement was noted on the ice had been easterly, and to allow for this drift we aimed to keep a line slightly west of the pole.

Small floes, with low pressure lines separated by normal belts of new ice, were the rule during these days of travel. The temperature rose to 41 below. The western sky cleared slightly and offered strong appearance of land.

The wind was not a troublesome factor as we forged along for the first day over this central pack. After a run of 11 hours the pedometer registered 23 miles, but we had taken a zigzag course and therefore only placed 17 miles to our credit.

The night was beautiful. The sun sank into a purple haze and soon there appeared three seas in prismatic colors and these soon settled into the frozen sea. During the night a narrow band of orange brightened the northern skies, while the pack surface glowed in magnificent shades of violet and lilac and pale purple blue.

Land Clouds Still Visible.

Satisfactory observations at noon on March 24 gave our position as latitude 83 degrees 31 minutes, longitude 96 degrees 27 minutes. The land clouds of Grant Land were still visible and a low bank of mist in the west, occasionally brightened offering an outline suggestive of land. This we believed to be Crocker Land, but mist persistently screened the horizon and did not offer an opportunity to study the contour.

Until midday the time was used for observations and a study of the land conditions. The dogs sniffed the air as if scenting game, but after a diligent search one seal blow hole was found and an old bear track, but no algae or other small life was detected in the water of the crevices. At the big lead a few algae were gathered, but here the sea was sterile. The signs of seal and bear, however, were encouraging for a possible food supply. In returning the season would be more advanced and the life might move northward, thus permitting an extension of the time allowance of our rations.

Though the heat of the sun was barely felt, its rays began to pierce the eye with painful effects. The bright light, being reflected from the spotless surface of the storm driven snows, could not long be endured even by the Eskimos without some protection. The amber colored goggles that we had made at Annootok from the glass of the photographi supplies now proved a priceless discovery. They effectually removed one of the greatest torments to Arctic travel.

The darkened or smoky glasses, blue grasses and ordinary sunward automobile goggles had all been tried with indifferent results. They failed for one reason or another, mostly because of an insufficient range of vision or a faulty construction, making it impossible to proceed more than a few minutes without removing the accumulated condensation.

Relief in Amber Glasses.

This trouble was entirely eliminated in our gogles. The amber glass screened only the active rays which injure the eye, but did not interfere with the range of vision. Indeed, the eye, relieved of the snow glare, was better enabled to see distant objects than through field glasses. It is frequently most difficult to detect icy surface irregularities on cloudy days.

The amber glass also dispels this trouble perfectly, enabling the eye to search carefully every nook and crevice through the vague incandescence which blinds the observer in hazy weather. The amber glass therefore reduces not the quantity of light, as do smoky glasses, but the quality. We were not only relieved of the pain and fatigue of snow glare, but the amber color gave a touch of cheer and warmth to our ever chilled horizon of blues. The usual snow goggles add an ugly gray blue to the frozen seas which alone sends frosty waves over the nervous fibers.

So thoroughly were we in love with these goggles that later they were worn while asleep, with the double object of screening the strong light which passes through the eyelids and also to keep the forehead warm.

On this march in the early part of the afternoon the weather proved good and the ice, though newly crevassed, improved as we advanced. The late start spread our day's work close to the chill of midnight, and before we were quite ready to camp there were signs of another gale from the west. Little sooty clouds with ragged edges scurried along at an alarming pace and beyond a huge smoky bank blackened the pearly glitter.

Suitable camping ice was sought and in the course of an hour an igloo was built. The structure was built stronger than usual. Double tiers of snow blocks were placed to the windward and a little water was thrown over the top to cement the blocks. The dogs were fastened to the lee of hummocks and the sleds were securely lashed and fastened to the ice.

We expected a hurricane and had not long to wait to taste of its bitters. Before we were at rest in our bags the wind brushed the snows with a force inconceivable. The air thickened with rushing drift. In a few moments the dogs and sleds were buried under banks of snow and great drifts encircled the igloo. The cemented blocks of our dome withstood the sweep of the blast very well, but many small holes were burrowed through the snow wall, permitting some drift to enter.

Storm Suddenly Drops.

Early in the morning, after a rush of but a few hours, the storm ceased as suddenly as it came and left a stillness which was appalling. The dogs soon began to howl desperately as if attacked by a bear, and we rushed out, seeking guns, but there was no approaching creature.

It was a combined signal of distress. The storm driven snows had buried and bound them in unyielding frost. They had partly uncovered themselves, but by trace and harness they were frozen to hardened masses, so much so that few could rise and stretch, which is a severe torment to dogs after a storm. We freed their traces, beat the cemented snows from their furs with sticks, and their curling tails and pointed noses told of common gratitude.

As we skirmished about for a little stretch ourselves the sun rose over the northern blue, flashing the newly driven snows in warm tones. The temperature during the storm was 26 below, but now the thermometer sank rapidly below 40. The west was still smoky and the weather did not seem quite settled. It was too early to start, so we disorbed again, slipped into the bags and sought a quiet slumber.

A few hours later we were rudely awakened by loud explosive noises. Looking about nothing usual was detected about the igloo, and a peep through the eye port gave no cause for the disturbance. It was concluded that the ice was cracking from the sudden change in temperature in quite the usual harmless manner and we turned over to prolong the bag comforts.

Then there came a series of thundering voices, with which the ice quivered. Ahwelah arose and said that the house was breaking. I turned to rise and sank into a newly formed crevass, which up to that moment was bridged by snow—and a man in a bag is a helpless creature—and with water below and tumbling blocks of snow from above pressing one deeper and deeper the case was far from humorous at a temperature of 48 below.

Still the boys laughed heartily. Their hands, however, were quickly occupied. Ahwelah grabbed my bag and rolled me over on snow of less doubtful security and they slipped into furs with electric quickness and tossed the things out on safe ice.

In the extreme cold the water froze in sheets about the bag, and when the ice was beaten off the reindeer skin was, to my pleasure, found quite dry. A few moments more of sleep and we might all have found a resting place in the chilling deep. The experience kept us ever watchful for the dangers of the spreading ice in all calms after storms.

The next installment of Dr. Cook's narrative will appear in The Weekly Blade of October 7.

ONCE-FAMOUS ACTRESS DIES

Mrs. Chanfrau Had Played With Great Tragedians.

Burlington, N. J., Sept. 22.—Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau, once a celebrated actress, died at her home here, yesterday, aged 79 years. She played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth during his famous run in New York. She was Portia in the noted production of Julius Caesar, in which the three brothers, Edwin, Junius and John Wilkes Booth, appeared together. For some years she was with Forrest, and later with the elder Davenport, Wallack, Fletcher and William Warren.

While lessee and manager of the old Varieties theatre in New Orleans, in the early 70s, she "discovered" Mary Anderson, then playing Julia in The Hunchback, in an obscure playhouse, and introduced her to the public. Frank S. Chanfrau, her husband, died in 1885.

LIFE A VANISHED AGE

Roosevelt Writes of the Strange Features of African Jungle.

New York, Sept. 24.—Theodore Roosevelt's first installment of his African travel and shooting story, in the October number of Scribner's Magazine, is interesting as the introductory account of a most unusual and highly fruitful hunting and collecting expedition, but it is more interesting, perhaps, as a new presentation of the extraordinary personality of the ex-president himself. Taken with the photographs, most of which are by Kermit Roosevelt, it presents an intimate and rather rude aspect of Theodore Roosevelt. He appears in the pictures as a man who is growing elderly and more stocky than he was, but still extremely vigorous.

In his hunting costume of woolen shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, riding breeches, leggings and heavy soled shoes, broad leather belt, bulky cork helmet, large spectacles, double barreled gun on arm and one thumb thrust beneath his suspender, Mr. Roosevelt looks more Dutch than ever and quite grim and destructive.

Like a Past Age.

His narrative is well written and picturesque. He describes the part of Africa which he visited as a bit of "wild and strange life which has survived over from an elder age."

He takes a fall out of the "mushy sentimentalists" who object to killing wild animals.

"There must be recognition of the fact that almost any wild animal of the defenseless type, if its multiplication were unchecked while its natural enemies, the dangerous carnivores, were killed, by its simple increase, would run man off the planet and of the further fact that, far short of such increase, a time speedily comes when the existence of too much game is incompatible with the interests, or indeed the existence, of the cultivator."

In describing his first entrance into the area set aside as a preserve where no hunting is allowed, Mr. Roosevelt says:

"Next morning we were in the game country, and as we sat on the seat over the cowcatcher it was literally like passing through a vast zoological garden. Indeed, no such railway journey can be taken on any other line in any other land.

"At one time we passed a herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods country within 100 yards to the right of the train. Again still closer four water buck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed.

"A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not 100 yards ahead of the train, the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning around to gaze. The wild creatures were in their sanctuary and they knew it."

No Roughing It.

Mr. Roosevelt makes it plain that one cannot "rough it" in Africa as one does in the far west. Life and comfort must be more carefully guarded.

It is the real Roosevelt, in this article—a vigorous, almost over-vitalized, full of keen enjoyment of a new phase of life, aboundingly sympathetic with the aspects and the companions of his journey, careful of the amenities and yet heedless of the criticism of weaker mortals.

TIME FOR WORK ONLY

Wife Had No Opportunity for Diversions.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 22.—Mrs. Maries Mann, wife of John Lester Mann, a bonanza wheat rancher in Spokane county, states in her petition for divorce, filed in the superior court here, that the routine for her four years of married life left no time for visiting relatives or neighbors, to say nothing of bridge whist and music. Her complaint, in brief, presents the appended schedule of duties:

Rise at 4 o'clock a. m.

Exercise with a cross-cut saw on a pile of logs.

Get breakfast for a threshing crew of 30 men, each possessed of a healthy appetite.

After breakfast the schedule is:

Plant or dig potatoes and do chores.

Clean the barn and chop wood for the cook stove.

Load several wagons with sacked grain to take to market.

Cook dinner for 30 threshermen, with appetites as mentioned.

Afternoon recreation is thus set forth:

Butcher hogs and make sausage.

Chores and woodchopping, also milking a dozen cows.

Prepare supper for the same crew of hungry harvesters and clean the house.

Evening at home:

Darn socks, make bread and do other work till 10 o'clock p. m.; bed on a pallet of straw on the floor of the cookhouse.

The complaint closes with the declaration that Mrs. Mann was literally forced by her husband to perform the tasks mentioned in the foregoing, alleging also that when she was too sick to work he refused to permit her to go to her mother's house.

Mann declines to talk about the charges preferred by his wife. He has not engaged counsel to defend the action.

PLOT TO KILL TAFT

Bomb Laid Where He Meets Diaz.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 23.—A bomb was found last night in the rear of the customs house at Juarez, Mexico, a few feet from the platform which had been erected for the meeting between President Taft and President Diaz, on October 16.

Juarez, just over the Rio Grande, in Mexico, is the point where President Diaz is to receive President Taft. The two rulers also will meet in this city, on the American side.

There is little doubt that the bomb disclosed a plot to kill one or both of the Presidents.

TWO BANKS FAIL TO OPEN

Receiver to Be Appointed for Consolidated Companies.

Pittsburg, Sept. 27.—The Land Trust company and the Mercantile Trust company, both state institutions, did not open for business today. James L. White, state bank examiner, is temporary receiver for both banks. It is expected the court will appoint a permanent receiver some time today.

The trust companies consolidated recently. It is said they were unable to carry out the merger and made arrangements Saturday to assign voluntarily to the state banking commission.

According to the officials the depositors will be paid in full. The capital stock of the Land Trust company is $500,000 with a surplus of $100,000. The deposits approximate $800,000. The capital stock of the Mercantile Trust company is $710,000. The deposits approximate $300,000.

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BARS SALE OF TITLES

Pope Puts Stop to Practice at Vatican.

Rome, Setp. 25.—For several months past the Pope has positively refused to grant titles of nobility, which are generally transmitted through the Secretary of the Congregation of the Briefs. The conferring of nobility titles always brought a large income to the Vatican authorities and everybody in Vatican circles is now regretting that the present Pope should have stopped a source of income which was perhaps one of the largest of the Holy See.

A title of Count was recently sold for $10,000, but the present Pope does not cherish the idea of trafficking in titles. It cost a Frenchman who recently sought a Vatican title the sum of $10,000 to obtain the title of Duke, which he now enjoys and for which he had to send to the Vatican the necessary money with his application. France is crowded with Vatican noblemen who bought their titles for cash. The largest part of the black nobility of France obtained their titles from the Vatican authorities in this way, and the decision arrived at by the Pope to stop this sale of further nobility titles is being held here as a step in the right direction.

It is officially announced that the Czar of Russia, accompanied by the Czarina, will visit Rome in the early part of October. It was originally expected that the visit would take place in September, but unfortunate circumstances caused a postponement. Everybody here is on the tiptoe of expectation whether the Czar will pay a visit to the Pope at the Vatican. He certainly would not be received by the Pope unless he drove to the Vatican from the German embassy in a private carriage, just as Emperor William did when he paid a visit to the late Pope. He drove to the Vatican from the German embassy in a private carriage which he had taken with him from Berlin. In this way no objection was made to his visit at the Vatican and the Pope was very gracious to him.

Important archaelogical discoveries were made last week by workmen engaged in the reconstruction of the stage of the Costanzi Theatre, one of the largest in this city. Among the objects found was a large marble column, several vases and remnants of Roman decorations and pictures. The work on the theatre was suspended by order of the minister of the interior until the nature of the find and its importance shall be ascertained.

BRINGS THE GAME CLOSER.

The Winchester Telescope sight, a marvel of precision and utility, has just been put on the market by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn. A circular fully describing this wonderful appliance can be had by writing the makers.

DEFINITION OF WINE

Washington, Sept. 25.—The legal officers of the government have gotten in a snarl that may compel President Taft to answer the question, "What is wine?" As soon as the president returns from his western trip he plans to decide the long deferred matter of "What is whisky?" Then probably the wine question, now disturbing the officers of the bureau of internal revenue, will be submitted to him.

For several hours today Royal S. Cabell, the commissioner of internal revenue, had before him representatives of 69 raisin wine producing concerns. Raisins wine is a mixture of sugar water and domestic raisins, used largely as a basis for compounding cordials, liquors and the like, and some time ago drank slight as a beverage. In November, 1908, the commissioner of internal revenue decided that this product should pay taxes as a distilled spirit at the rate of $1.10 a proof gallon. As such a tax would have taken more than $1,000,000 out of the treasury of the raisin wine companies, the order created more or less excitement in the wine trade.

Representations made to the commissioner resulted in a suspension of the order pending an investigation. The investigation came to an end today and a formal decision will be handed down at an early date. Those appearing in opposition to the order contend that raisin wine is not a distilled spirit, but comes under the head of domestic wines subject to internal revenue taxation. Formerly the bureau held that raisin wine is a distilled spirit.

It was announced today that Dr. Wiley, the government's whisky and pure food expert, had not been asked to make a diagnosis of the case.

WOULD WAKE UP SLEEPERS

Paris, Sept. 28.—Dr. Laveran, of this city, has announced to the Academy of Sciences a new cure for the sleeping sickness. It consists of subcutaneous injections of an aniline emetic. This remedy was suggested by the experiments conducted by Dr. Evans, an American physician, and worked out in Senegal by Dr. Thiroux with remarkable results.

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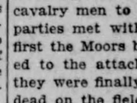

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WIN FIERCE BATTLE

Spanish Troops Rout Big Force of Moors.

Madrid, Sept. 22.—The Spanish forces in Morocco, according to the latest dispatches received here, were eminently successful Sept. 20 and 21 in turning Mount Guruga and surrounding the ferocious Beni-Sicar tribesmen.

The government is today publishing broadcast accounts of many thrilling and gallant episodes of the fighting, and the war fever is at a high pitch. All the reports agree that the Moors showed fanatical courage, but they were met with a fine display of Spanish valor.

Near Taxdir four battalions of Spanish troops were deployed over a front six miles long. They were charged suddenly by 200 Arab horsemen. General Tovar, perceiving that the enemy threatened to break the line, sent out a strong detachment of chasseurs and cavalry men to check them. The two parties met with a terrific shock. At first the Moors broke, but they returned to the attack several times before they were finally routed, leaving many dead on the field. The Spanish infantry then feinted a retreat and the Moors, reinforced, swept down upon them. The Spanish line then about faced and fired repeated volleys point-blank into the enemy, putting them to flight. The dispatches report that the Moors left 100 dead on the field.

A total of 5,500 Moors, including 1,500 cavalrymen, took part in the fighting of September 20. The Moors lost 400 men. The Spanish troops under General Orosco have occupied Aograz.

HAS BATTLE WITH INDIANS

Deputy Game Warden Kills One When Arrest Is Resisted.

Lansing, Mich., Sept. 22.—State Game Warden Pierce today received from Deputy Jack Rowett, of Bessemer, a report of a battle last Sunday near the Wisconsin line between officers and a band of poaching Wisconsin Indians, who had been killing deer and beaver in Michigan as their forefathers did before the white men established game laws.

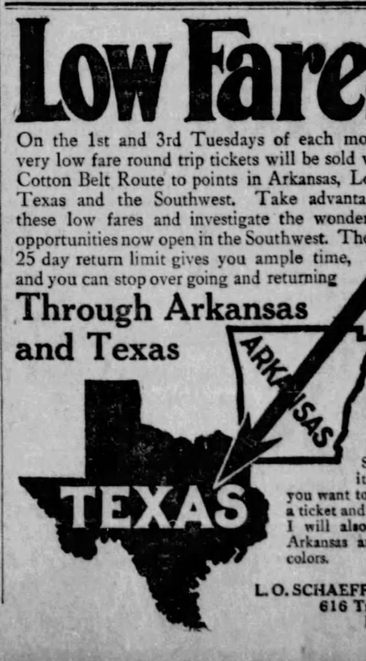
Deputy Rowett reports that he went to the Indians' camp and after finding venison and beaver hides undertook to make an arrest. The six Indians, aided by their five squaws, attacked the deputy and his five men, with guns and axes. The officers had but two guns. Rowett finally shot dead one of the Indians who had been potting at him from behind a tree.

Low Fares

COTTON BELT ROUTE

On the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, very low fare round trip tickets will be sold via the Cotton Belt Route to points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and the Southwest. Take advantage of these low fares and investigate the wonderful opportunities now open in the Southwest. The 25 day return limit gives you ample time, and you can stop over going and returning

Through Arkansas and Texas



The Cotton Belt Route trains run direct from St. Louis, Cairo and Thebes to Texas through the best portions of Arkansas. In making your trip Southwest you might as well go through Arkansas and see some of the best land in the Southwest. Stop off at Weiner and Stuttgart and see the wonderful rice lands that are startling the world with the big profits they are yielding to owners.

Do not delay your trip to the Southwest until the big opportunities are gone—write me today where you want to go and I will tell you the cost of a ticket and give you complete schedule, etc. I will also send you free our books on Arkansas and Texas with county map in colors.

L. O. SCHAEFFER, Traveling Passenger Agent, 616 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Newest Designs

Latest Models Lowest Prices

All Shown in Our New Book of Stoves

Are you going to buy a steel range this fall? Do you need a cook stove, a hard coal base burner, an air-tight heater, an oak stove, a laundry stove? Do you want an oil or a gasoline stove, an oil heater, a gas range? Are you building or about to build a new home and in need of a heating plant—a steam or hot water boiler or a high grade furnace? Don't spend a cent for any kind of stove, don't let a contract for a heating plant of any description until you have written a postal card for our Free Book of Stoves, Ranges and Heating Plants. Largest assortment, finest qualities, lowest prices for *good qualities*. We are the largest retailers of good stoves, ranges and heating plants in the world and thousands of our customers have learned that

We Save You from One-Third to One-Half

We sell a good air-tight heater for 84c, guaranteed Oak stoves as low as $3.52, base burners from $20.95 up, cook stoves as low as $5.30, steel ranges that are marvels of convenience at from $12.07 up, hot water and steam boilers, radiators and fittings at big reductions over retail prices. The newest designs by the most skillful stove modelers, manufactured in the center of the iron and steel industry, built for us in large quantities and sold at a very small advance over manufacturing cost, are fully illustrated in our new and enlarged Book of Stoves, now ready for mailing. You will want this free book before you buy any kind of a stove, because it tells you of the best built, and most economical fuel consuming stoves and ranges in the world, sold on honor at very low prices—lower than the prices of any other dealer. Write for this free book now before you forget it. Just a postal saying: Please send your free book of stoves and we will send it postpaid by return mail.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Write us at the address nearest you

CHICAGO, ILL., and KANSAS CITY, MO.

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AVIATOR IS CRUSHED

French Army Expert Falls in Machine.

Bologne, Sept. 22.—Captain Ferber, an officer of the French army, was killed near here this morning while testing an aeroplane. While in the air the machine turned completely over and then dashed to the ground. Captain Ferber was crushed to death by the motor.

The captain had been detailed for several years past for the investigation of aeronautics in the interests of the French army. He was at one time in charge of the extensive government reservation at Belleville, near Paris, where the army conducted a series of experiments in aviation. He worked with the Lebaudy brothers, and the dirigible balloon La Patrie was an outcome of this cooperation.

Captain Ferber's interest, however, turned quickly to the heavier-than-air machine, and he was a pioneer in this field. He took part in the recent aviation contests at Rheims, where he flew in the race for the international cup, and gave also an exhibition flight.

SAYS FARMERS WOULD INVEST

Wilson Wants Government to Pass on Railway Securities.

Washington, Sept. 24.—As a result of his observations recently into conditions among the agricultural classes in the west, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is firmly convinced that federal control of railroad capitalization would lead to large investments in railroad securities by American farmers.

The secretary expressed the opinion that if some government board official had the right to pass on proposed issues of railroad securities and say whether they represented actual property, it would give the farmers confidence in such securities and they would buy them freely.

NO BAN ON SMALL CHECKS

Law Simply Forbids Circulation of Paper as Money.

Washington, Sept. 24.—There is no law which estops a man or a woman from writing a check for less than $1, despite reports to that effect, according to the treasury department.

A number of inquiries have reached the department regarding a statement that there was such a provision in the penal code about to go into effect.

The law governing the subject, instead of being a new one, was enacted back in the '60s and has never been construed to apply to checks on deposits. Its purpose is to prevent the circulation of white paper as lawful money in itself.

OLD KATAHDIN IS DOOMED

Only "Ram" in Navy Will Be Used as a Target.

Washington, Sept. 28.—The ram Katahdin, from which so much was expected as a weapon of war, is about to come to an ignominious tnd. Instead of creeping up to monster battleships and sending them to the bottom of the sea, as she was designed to do, she will herself become the object of attack.

The Katahdin's doom was sealed yesterday, when the acting secretary of the navy ordered that she be towed from the League Island navy yard at Philadelphia to Hampton Roads, Virginia, as soon as possible, and thence to Washington, to be prepared for the sacrifice. While here all machinery and useful material will be removed and then the hull will again be towed to Hampton Roads to be used as a target for Uncle Sam's big battleships.

The Katahdin is a relic of the old days, when the ram was seriously considered in naval warfare. The vessel did not fulfill the hopes of her designers and therefore never has been ptu to practical use. Like the "dynamite cruiser" Vesuvius she was one of those naval freaks that were tested and found wanting. The Vesuvius now is used as a mine-laying and experimental ship.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicine, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

EARTH HAS A SHAKE

Indiana and Illinois Are in Tremor Belt.

Evansville, Sept. 27.—An earthquake, at 3:45 this morning, shook Evansville. Houses rocked and creaked and pictures on the wall swayed. Many people were awakened. A rumbling noise accompanied the disturbance. The movement seemed to be from southeast to northwest.

Decatur, Ill., Sept. 27.—Two earth hocks were felt here early today, but no damage was done. All towns as far south as Vandalia felt the disturbance.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 27.—Earth vibrations lasting for one minute were recorded at 3:46 o'clock this morning at St. Ignatius' observatory. At the college it was said that the movement was from north to south and at distance of between 300 and 400 miles. The shock was not considered to be severe.

TAFT GOES WAY DOWN

Drops 1,200 Feet Into a Copper Mine.

Helena, Mont., Sept. 28.—Theodore Roosevelt will not go down in history as the only strenuous President. If President Taft has many more days like yesterday he will get into the class made famous by his illustrious predecessor.

William Howard Taft may never slay any elephants or take trips in submarines, but up to date he holds the presidential record for underground travel. Yesterday he took a 1,200-foot drop to see the miners at work. President Roosevelt during his term inspected the Butte mines, but he didn't get that far from daylight.

Attired in a linen duster, an old black slouch hat and swinging an electric lantern at his side, President Taft was locked in a narrow iron cage and dropped 1,200 feet through darkness into the depths of the famous old Leonard copper mine. He had the rare experience of seeing miners at work with a giant drill in a vein of high grade ore that sparkled green with its wealth of mineral.

After half an hour under ground, the President was brought to the surface, blinking in the glare of the noonday sun. He was cheered to the echo by the crowd of curious people gathered at the hoist. He declared enthusiastically: "I would not have missed it for the world."

It was the President's first visit to the Montana copper region and between the smelters at Anaconda and the mines at Butte he had a series of interesting experiences. Not the least of these was a thrilling automobile ride over the mountains from Butte to the mouth of the Leonard mine.

The grades were steep and winding, but the chauffeurs were experienced men, and while there was apparently no threat of danger at any stage of the trip there was a sigh of relief when Mr. Taft had once more been placed safely aboard the Mayflower for the run to Helena.

Arriving at Helena he went directly to the state fair grounds, where, after viewing a portion of the exhibits, he made an open air address and witnessed a race of cowboys. Returning to the city, Mr. Taft reviewed a parade of school children.

President Taft walked with a limp when he first got off the train, the result of a sprained tendon in his right foot. The sprain occurred at Beverly, but he suffered little inconvenience from it until yesterday, when his foot was considerably swollen. There is nothing serious about the sprain and Mr. Taft did not let it interfere in any way with his plans.

BRYAN DOESN'T APOLOGIZE

Raps Senator Bailey in Address in Texas Town.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 28.—William Jennings Bryan paid his respects to Senator Joseph Bailey in this city yesterday and defended his own position on free raw material. Bailey failed to appear for the proposed debate between himself and Bryan.

"This is not a personal issue," said Bryan. "If it were a case of matching personalities between myself and your senator I would not hesitate to match my friends against his in Texas. Some of the Texas papers are weeping because I am losing friends in this controversy. I am not losing friends; I am simply driving my enemies from behind the house where they have been hiding. When I have received the votes of Texas three times for President I don't have to apologize to any Texas office-holder nor any Texas newspaper for coming here to address these voters.

"Am I jeopardizing the welfare of my party when I tell you that the Democratic party cannot afford to vote for a man who is with the steel trust and helps to put ten millions a year in its pockets?"

SMALL CHECKS LEGAL

Washington, Sept. 28.—The solicitor of the Treasury department quieted the fears of many bankers throughout the country today by deciding that there was nothing in the language of section 176 of the new penal code forbidding the use of bank checks for sums of less than $1 in the transaction of business.

The language has been in the federal statutes for about 40 years and the solicitor found that in transplanting it into the new code no change whatever was made in the wording.

TAFT ASKS FOR TEN MILLIONS

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 28.—In a speech on the conservation of national resources delivered here today, President Taft declared he would ask congress to authorin bonds to complete irrigation projects already begun in the west and on which work had been stopped for lack of funds. This has been the hope of many settlers in the arid regions who had taken up lands in expectation of procuring a supply of water to make them fertile, and the President's declaration was enthusiastically cheered.

The President declared that many newspapers had drawn unfair inferences as to the attitude of his administration on the general conservation of natural resources.

"The truth is," he said, "my administration is pledged to follow out the policies of Mr. Roosevelt in this regard, and while the pledge does not involve me in any obligation to carry them out unless I have congressional authority to do so, it does require that I take every step to exert every legitimate influence upon congress to enact the legislation which shall best subserve the purpose indicated."

The President declared that Secretary of the Interior Ballinger was in accord with him as to the necessity for promoting in every legitimate way the conservation of natural resources.

The President also praised Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot and referred to his "wonderful work for the conservation of the forests, supported by Mr. Roosevelt."

President Taft declared as to water power sites that congress must authorize the government to aliot these sites to private interests for development, the government retaining general control and supervision.

He declared, also, that he would urge upon congress the necessity of an authoritative classification of public lands to prevent difficulties of the past, such as the setting aside of coal and mineral lands as agricultural lands, and vice versa.

The President sat up on his train until after midnight, dictating his speech. He consulted freely with Secretary Ballinger before beginning work on the address, and again when the rough draft had been completed this morning.

STOP THAT TERRIBLE ITCHING

Eczema and all tormenting skin-eruptions may now be instantly relieved by using the new treatment which you can get free by sending to The Francis Co., 51 P., Rose st., New York city. Send now. Save this.***

LATHAM FLIES OVER BERLIN

Germans Cheer French Aviator as He Starts.

Berlin, Sept. 27.—Hubert Latham, the French aviator, flew in an aeroplane today across Berlin and the outlying suburbs to Johannisthal, where an aeroplane meet was in progress. He was sent away with an outburst of cheering from a hundred thousand people. He rose lightly and a preliminary circuit of the Templehof field, during which he attained an altitude of 100 yards, he drove straight across the city on the run of 11¼ miles to his objective. A balloon anchored above the city served to give him his direction. He reached Johannisthal exactly 24 minutes after his departure, and was greeted with prolonged cheering. He circled the course at Johannisthal twice before landing.

COLDEST SIX MILES UP

Self-Registering Balloon Proves It.

London, Sept. 28.—More than ten miles above the earth's surface is the height attained by a registering balloon which was sent up by Professor Hergesell from the Prince of Monaco's yacht in September, 1898, near Tromsoe, in Norway. Last month the balloon, with its instruments intact, was found by Laplanders on a glacier 12 miles north of Skibotten, on the Lyngefjord. The instrument recording altitudes indicated a height of 17,000 meters, the greatest ever attained over polar regions.

Professor Hergesell has just worked out all the records taken and from them it appears that the lowest temperature registered, minus 60 degrees centrigade, was not found at the 10-mile height, but at a little over six miles above the earth. At 10 miles the instrument registered minus 47 centigrade.

This is the first proof, Professor Hergeseli declares, that what is known as the great atmospheric inversive layer, in which the temperature rises again after having fallen steadily, also exists over the poles. It was first observed by the professor himself and the Prince of Monaco in 1905 in the sub-tropical parts of the Atlantic ocean. The warmer layer at or near the pole seems to be encountered at a lower height than at the equator, Hergesell's experiments have shown that at the greatest altitudes of which records are available it is colder at the equator than at the poles.

$50,000 ON LUNCH TABLE

Restaurant Manager Returns Valuables to Bank.

New York, Sept. 24.—After a messenger boy had eaten his lunch in a Pearl street restaurant in the financial district, Harry Bohrer, the manager, found a package on the table and on opening it he discovered that it contained $23,000 in currency and sufficient negotiable securities to make a total of $50,000. From the papers in the package he believed the valuables belonged to the Stane bank, a few doors away, and hurried there with the money. The cashier quickly identified the parcel and Bohrer was given a reward, but he did not say how much.

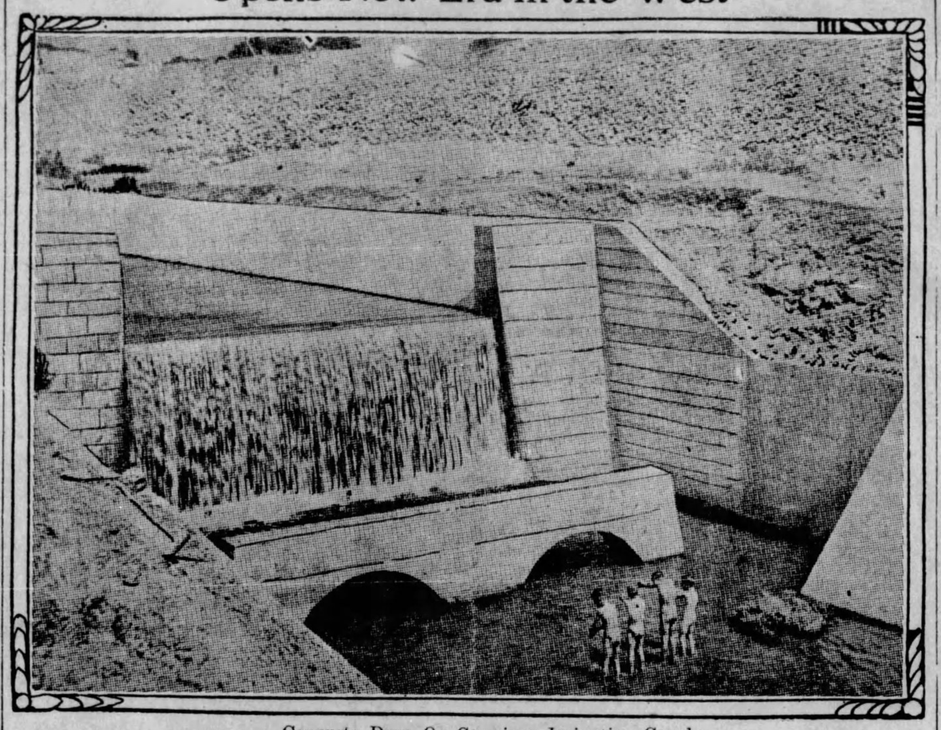
Bohrer found a package containing $6,000 in money in his restaurant several weeks ago and returned it to its owner.

WILL FIGHT WRIGHT SUIT

Bleriot Company Is Ready for Legal Contest.

Paris, Sept. 28.—Count La Peyrouse, the general manager of the Bleriot Aeroplane company, declared yesterday that he had taken no action regarding the contemplated litigation of the Wright brothers in the matter of infringement of patents, but that the company would fight if attacked. Experts who have been consulted aver that the Wright patents cannot be upheld.

Opens New Era in the West



Concrete Drop On Gunnison Irrigation Canal.

$150,000,000 RAIL PLAN URGED

Chicago, Sept. 28.—The Chicago city council last night took preliminary steps toward enacting into law the most sweeping railroad electrification ordinance ever offered to any municipality in the United States.

Aimed primarily at the Illinois Central Railroad company, the measure hits every railroad line operating within a radius of eight miles of the city hall. It contemplates electrification improvements that eventually will cost in the vicinity of $150,000,000.

If it is passed in its present form and upheld by the courts, every one of the 26 trunk lines entering the city, and every terminal, transfer, belt or industrial road within the prescribed limits will be forced before January 1, 1912, to substitute electricity for steam power or quit doing business.

Ends Smoke Problem.

Its going into effect will mean practically the abolition of the smoke nuisance and the final dawning of the City Beautiful era in Chicago's history.

The ordinance was introduced by Alderman Bernard W. Snow, of the Seventh ward. It is the fruit of months of investigation by Corporation Counsel Brundage and the staff of the city law department. It is an administrative measure, backed by all the power of the city government and indorsed in principle by virtually every member of the city council.

When it was introduced last night, ordered published and referred to the committee on local transportation, there were no evidences of dissent from the aldermen. Subsequently a large number expressed themselves as strongly in favor of it.

Railroad Men Object.

This proposition is not acceptable to the railroad men, as will be seen from the following expression of opinion:

It seems to me the city might, with greater dignity and better judgment, have waited until our stockholders had opportunity to act. Any sane man knows the ordinance requires an impossibility.—J. T. Harahan, president Illinois Central.

The Santa Fe road certainly would not electrify all its terminals unless compelled by the highest court—in that event we might prefer to stop our trains outside Chicago.—E. R. Ripley, president Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

Railroads will use electricity as soon as it becomes cheaper than steam and no sooner.—F. A. Delano, president Wabash.

KISSING IS CALLED ASSAULT

Politician Fined $10 for Saluting Two Women on Cheeks.

Santa Clara, Sept. 28.—"There is no fool like an old fool," said Ura Putman, a prominent Dowagiac politician, in a local justice court as he forked over $10 as the penalty for technical assault.

Putman was passing the home of Mrs. Lettie Waite, a comely young woman, when, through a window, he spied Mrs. Robert Kaiser, whom he had known since childhood. He at once entered the house and, according to his own statement, saluted her on the cheek. Being introduced to Mrs. Waite, he repeated the performance, with the result that he was arrested.

Putman, who is an ex-supervisor, is past 60 and does not look like a dandy by any means.

SEEK LABOR LAWS FOR WOMEN

Trade Union Leaguers in Session in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Labor legislation in the interest of women workers is the leading subject to be dealt with at the second biennial convention of the National Woman's Trade Union league now in session.

Steps will be taken to arouse women workers all over the country to demand for legislation limiting the hours of work of women to eight a day.

Mrs. Raymond Robbins, president of the league, urged the formation of a body of woman to study the industrial condition of women and children, the body to be a branch of the government department of commerce and labor, with a woman at its head.

CONDEMNS CO-EDUCATION

Catholic Parents Warned That System Is Immoral.

Paris, Sept. 28.—The French Episcopate has issued a pastoral letter warning Catholic parents in France that the teaching in the public schools jeopardizes the faith of their children. The letter condemns especially co-education, saying that the "mixture of the two sexes is contrary to morality and unworthy a civilized people."

OPENS IMMENSE AREA FOR FRUIT GROWING

The great Gunnison tunnel, the first project undertaken by the United States government reclamation service, work on which has been progressing steadily for four and one-half years, will irrigate 150,000 acres of choicest land now semi-arid. It is located in Montrose county, in the Uncompahgre valley, in Colorado. The tunnel is 30.600 feet (six miles) long, 11x13 feet inside measurement, and lined throughout with cement. The main canal is 30 feet wide at the bottom, 83 feet wide at the top, and the average depth of water is 10 feet. The capacity is 1,300 cubic feet of water per second.

The cost of the tunnel and distributing canals when completed will be over $5,000,000, and perpetual water rights will be sold to actual settlers at approximately $35 per acre, being based upon the actual cost of the tunnel. Ten years' time will be allowed for payment, without interest. The lands to be irrigated are suitable for fruit-growing and the raising of all kinds of farm crops. The water, after it leaves the tunnel, will have 372 feet fall, which can be used to generate electric power sufficient to light every town and every farmhouse in the Uncompahgre valley and provide power for all kinds of commercial and industrial purposes.

The lands under this project will afford homes for all time to come for a population of at least 25.000 American citizens. Already there are three modern, enterprising and progressive towns, viz.: Montrose, Olathe and Delta, located in the valley, and with the development of this vast area other towns will undoubtedly come into existence to meet the requirements of the rapidly-growing population.

The one restriction which prevails on all lands to which government water is furnished is that there must be an actual bona fide settler on the land. These lands cannot be held indefinitely for speculation by non-residents, nor can they be held by non-residents and rented to others.

Purchasers of land watered by the government will be allowed at least one year to establish themselves as residents or to dispose of their holdings by private sale.

Lands not so settled upon or disposed of are to be sold at auction, after due advertisement under the direction of the Water Users' association.

The holder of an irrigation homestead entry proves up on his land after five years in the regular way and completes paying for his water in 10 years. In case of sale or relinquishment, another actual settler must take the place of the original entry man on the land and must spend a complete term of five years on the homestead, though of course only 10 payments in all have to be made on the water rights, no matter how many times it changes occupants.

The reclamation service, besides building the tunnel and constructing the canals to bring the water from the tunnel's mouth over to the Uncompahgre river, has acquired all the important canals and irrigating systems from the Uncompahgre. These will be reconstructed this fall and coming winter into one comprehensive and complete irrigation system.

Fruit is the thing these farmers who don't have to depend on rain expect to grow rich on. Marvelous stories are told of the Colorado apples and peaches. But it is not enough to have water ready on tap; orchard heaters are used in the spring to prevent the frost from killing the blossoms. Moreover, the irrigated orchard of Colorado looks very little like the old-fashioned orchard of our New England forefathers, where pigs and cattle rooted in the grass and small attention was paid to the individual trees.

"Clean cultivation" is what they call the western system. After the first year or two the ground between and under the tree is kept perfectly bare. Not a blade of grass, not a weed is allowed. With that and spraying the eager farmer to be is assured that he can send his fruit to market with the guarantee of not a worm to a carload of apples.

Sugar beets, onions, alfalfa, everything, in fact, except corn can be raised in this once deserted district, but it is the fruit farms that turn out the stories of sales of $1,300 worth of peaches of $1,100 worth of pears to the acre.

LAHM IN BALLOON FLIGHT

Accompanies Canton Men in Trip Through Air.

Canton, Sept. 28.—Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, of the United States signal service, stopped here today en route to Washington. He was prevailed on to pilot the balloon Ohio for a flight. Accompanied by Joseph M. Blake, secretary of the Aero club of Ohio, and W. R. Tinken, a Canton manufacturer, an ascent was made at 11 o'clock.

The balloon took a southeasterly course and soon was lost night of by the many watchers.

Lieutenant Lahm took his suit case with him in the balloon, and will go from the place of landing to Washington.

VAINLY BLAST ROCK TO SAVE

Goldfield, Nev., Sept. 28.—Miners who were imprisoned by a cavein at the Combination mine are now believed to be dead. The rescue party broke into the shaft where the accident occurred and there found the body of Evan Reese, but could find no trace of W. J. Bertsch and C. Matt, who were believed to have taken refuge in the same crosscut.

For 36 hours the rescue party worked on four-hour shifts, blasting through solid rock to reach the spot where Reese's body was found.

MILLIONS LOST YEARLY

Maine Wastes $10,000,000 Worth of Lumber.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 28.—The annual loss to the state of Maine through failure to utilize properly its wealth of timber is estimated by Fred A. Gilbert, of the Great Northern Paper company, at over $10,000,000 on five of the most common kinds—spruce, pine, fir, hemlock and cedar. In addition to this the state is slowly losing one of its principal assets, the standing growth of the timber itself. This latter loss is not due to the cutting and marketing of the timber—in fact, little more than one-half of what the state is capable of producing is ever marketed—but to waste, decay and loss by fire and wind.

There are in Maine 9,461,108 acres of timber land and unincorporated and public lands, and a conservative estimate of the pine, spruce, fir, hemlock and cedar growing thereon, and of a marketable size in some form, is 47,305,540,000 feet, or at the rate of 5,000 feet an acre. The rate of the growth of spruce is nearly 3 per cent. and as sruce grows more slowly than any of the other kinds of trees mentioned 3 per cent. is a conservative estimate of the rate of growth of the five classes given.

This indicates an annual timber growth in Maine of about 1,400,000,000 feet and a fair estimate of the quantity cut and marketed annually is 750,000,000 feet; and yet, says Mr. Gilbert, while Maine is marketing annually 650,000 000 less than it is capable of producing, the supply of timber remaining is constantly diminishing.

The greatest single cause of this condition, says Mr. Gilbert, is lack of proper railroad facilities. Over one-third of the timber of the State is either not accessible at all or else is so remote from transportation lines that only a small part of it can be profitably marketed. These lands for the most part are either actually losing in value, so far as the quantity of standing timber is concerned, through the maturity and decay of the trees, or else standing still—the annual growth just offsetting the decay. The largest single pocket of this timber is in what is commonly known as the Allagash region.

Other causes of the great waste are loss by fire, by wind and in cutting, which, while they cannot be entirely prevented, could be reduced to a minimum by a systematic regulation of cutting under modern forestry methods, a complete system of fire patrol, and by making all of the timber readily accessible.

"Given the needed railroad facilities into this now inaccessible wealth of timber," says Mr. Gilbert, "a proper care in cutting and an efficient fire patrol and the state is capable of producing 1,400,000,000 feet of spruce, pine, cedar, hemlock and fir annually, or 650,000,000 feet, less unavoidable fire and wind losses, more than it is now marketing, to say nothing of hard woods, and yet gain in the quantity of timber standing.

"We are apt to think of the value of timber as being the value to the owner of the land. As a matter of fact competent authorities estimate that for every thousand feet of timber marketed there is a total average expenditure of more than $16, of which but a small part goes to the original owner. There seems to be no good reason why the state should not turn most of this annual waste of 650,000,000 feet of timber into $10,000,000 cash profit, to be expended in the state each year as interest and at the same time retain its principal, the standing timber, unimpaired."

ARRESTED FOR CONSPIRACY

Boat Captain Charged With Complicity in Insurance Fraud.

Princeton, Ind., Sept. 28.—Captain Harrington, who was in command of the steamboat from which H. E. Agar was said to have fallen and drowned two years ago, is under arrest at Lafayette, Ind., and will be brought here to answer the charge of conspiracy to defraud.

Agar disappeared while he was conducting some big grain deals. He carried several thousands of dollars of life insurance. Soon after a large amount of the insurance had been paid to his wife, Agar was located in Texas and arrested.

DEATH COMES SUDDENLY

Simon O'Donnell, of Pittsburg, Is Heart Disease Victim.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 28.—Simon O'Donnell, vice president and general manager of the Union Stock Yards company, director of the Pittsburg Packing company, and one of the best known men in the live stock trade in the country, died last evening at his home after a few hours' illness. Heart trouble is considered the cause. Interment will take place Saturday morning in Mount Olivet cemetery, Chicago.

TRIAL SET FOR OCTOBER 15

Prosecutor Makes Announcement in Ohio German Cases.

Prosecutor Holland C. Webster today advised State Insurance Commissioner Lemert that the indictments against the officers of the Ohio German Fire Insurance company will come up for trial October 15.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 28.—Traders interested on the selling side were encouraged by rather moderate northwest receipts and stronger feeling in the foreign situation. Wheat prices were forced sharply higher at the start by the preponderance of bullish sentiment and the general belief that shorts would be forced to cover. Any buying to speak of for short account is expected to start prices up with a rush, especally since the time for September delivery is but two days distant. At Chicago, the market was firm on scattered commission house buying during the first half hour. The pit crowd did most of the selling. Longs say that as long as winter wheat farmers continue to market their grain sparingly and because the spring wheat movement will soon begin to lose force, the situation will show strength. Lack of export demand does not appear to be much of a factor, and indicates the country is getting nearer to the time when there will be little for foreign trade. Toledo cash and May opened ¼c higher at $1.16⅛, December ½c higher at $1.17½ and May ½c advanced at $1.18½. Cash and September gained ⅜c and the two futures ⅝c in less than an hour.

Heavy primary receipts did not have any effect to speak of, the market holding strong despite this feature. Strength was especially conspicuous in September, which gained ground as the day progressed. Fall plowing in the northwest has begun to curb receipts to some extent. Reports of export demand was received from Manitoba. Cash and September closed 2¾c up at $1.18⅛, December 2¾ higher at $1.19¾ and May 2½c up at $1.20½. Liverpool closed ⅛d to ½d higher.

Covering by shorts and sympathy with wheat put corn in a strong position. Cash started ¼c higher at 68½c December ⅜c up at 60⅛c and May ¼c advanced at 62½c. The market continued hard during the early hours.

Corn continued strong, but advances were not as pronounced as in wheat Cash closed at 69c, December at 60¾c May at 63½c.

There was a firm undertone to oats, but the market opened about unchanged. Considerable buying developed at Chicago. September was steady in opening at 41¼c, December ¼c advanced at ⅜c and May ¼c up at 44¼c.

At the end of the day prices were about ½c higher. Closing oats prices: Cash and September 41¾c, December 42c, May 44½c.

Advances in clover seed at the opening indicated a continuation of the upward movement that has been on for some time. Reports coming in from day to day convince dealers that there will be few good fields this season Cash at $9.00 opened steady. October started 2½c higher at $9.25, December and March advanced at $9.30. At 10 o'clock, all the futures were quoted at $9.40.

Cash closed with a gain of 25c at $9.25, October 25c higher at $9.47½ and December and March 25c up at $9.45. Receipts today were 437 bags against 1,370 a year ago.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept.28.	Sept.27
Cash	1.16¾	....	....	1.18⅝	1.16½
Sept	1.16⅞	....	....	1.18⅝	1.16½
Dec	1.17½	....	....	1.19¾	1.17
May	1.18½	....	....	1.20½	1.18
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	69	68¼
Sept	68½	....	....	69	68¼
Dec	60¼	....	....	60⅜	59⅝
May	62½	....	....	63⅛	62¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41¾	41¼
Sept	41¼	....	....	41⅝	41¼
Dec	41⅝	....	....	42	41¼
May	44¼	44½	....	44¼	44
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.00	....	....	9.25	9.00
Oct	9.25	....	....	9.47½	9.22½
Dec	9.30	....	....	9.45	9.20
March	9.30	....	....	9.45	9.20
No. 2	....	....	....	9.20	....
No. 3	....	....	....	8.90	8.70
Reject	....	....	....	8.40	8.00
N. E G.	....	....	....	7.40	7.60
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	74	71
No. 3	....	....	....	71	68
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.35	8.25
Oct	....	....	....	8.30	8.25
Dec	....	....	....	8.40	8.30
March	....	....	....	8.50	8.35

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.03⅜	....	1.03⅜	1.05⅛	1.03⅜
Dec	99⅜	1.01⅛	....	1.01	99⅛
May	1.02½	1.03⅜	....	1.03½	1.02¼
Corn—					
Sept	65¼	66	....	65⅝	65¼
Dec	53⅜	59½	....	59½	58⅝
May	61	....	....	61⅝	60⅞
Oats—					
Sept	41	41¾	40¾	41¾	40¾
Dec	39	....	....	39⅝	38⅞
May	41⅞	....	41⅝	42⅛	41⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.09⅜	....	....	1.10½	1.09¼
Dec	1.07⅛	....	....	1.08¼	1.07⅛
Corn—					
Sept	75½	....	....	75½	75¼
Dec	70⅝	....	....	70⅝	70⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07	....	....	1.07⅝	1.06⅝
Dec	1.01⅝	1.02	....	1.02⅛	1.01⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	99⅝	98¼
Dec	....	....	....	99⅛	97⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.00¼	98⅝
Dec	....	....	....	98⅜	97½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	18.65	18.70	....	18.65	18.62
May	18.65	18.70	....	18.50	18.42
Sept	24.85	....	....	24.95	24.85
Lard—					
Oct	12.40	....	....	12.25	12.40
Jan	11.00	....	....	10.95	11.00
Ribs—					
Ot	11.62	11.75	....	11.70	11.70
Jan	9.80	9.85	....	9.80	9.80
May	9.80	9.82	....	9.77	9.77

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 28.—There was a good run of hogs today and the market ranged 15c to 25c lower than yesterday. Demand ruled fair and the quality common.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.30@8.40; mediums, $8.20@8.25; heavy Yorkers, $7.90@8.10; light Yorkers, $7.50@7.75; good mixed, $8.00@8.10; bulk of sales, $8.00@8.15; good pigs, $7.25@7.50; common light, $6.00@7.00; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $5.00@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologuas, $2.50@3.50; common, $2.50@3.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.40; fair to good feeders, $3.50@4.00; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@3.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.00.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $7.50@8.25; common to light, $5.50@7.00; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 7,000; market steady; beeves, $4@8.30; Texas steers, $3.80@5.10; western steers, $3.90@6.60; stockers and feeders, $3.10@5.15; cows and heifers, $2@6; calves, $7@8.75. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 9,000; market steady to a shade higher; light, $7.75@8.35; mixed, $7.75@8.45; heavy, $7.65@8.50; rough, $7.65@7.85; good to choice heavy, $7.85@8.50; pigs, $6.60@7.80; bulk of sales $8.10@8.40. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 23,000; market steady; native, $2.65@4.85; western, $2.90@5; yearlings, $4.50@5.40; lambs, native, $4.25@7; western, $4.40@7.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 28.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle—3 cars, slow; best, 20 cars, lower; heavy, $8.60; Yorkers, $8@8.40; pigs, $7.70; sheep, 10 cars, slow; best lambs, $7.40@7.50; yearlings, $5.25@5.60; wethers, $4.75@5.25; ewes, $4.50@4.75; calves, $4.50@9.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 28.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle, 200; steady to slow; $7 down; hogs, 1,200; 5c lower; heavies, $8.35@8.65; mediums, $8.40@8.50; Yorkers, $8.30@8.40; lights, $7.70@7.90; pigs, $7.25@7.50; sheep, 800; market steady; sheep, $4.90 down; lambs, $7.25 down. Calves, 50 head, market steady; $9.50 down.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 28.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs.—Receipts, 20 cars; market lower; mediums, $8.40; Yorkers, $8@8.10; pigs and lights, $7.50@7.75; calves, $9.25; lambs, $7.25.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 28.—(Wall Street.)—Prices of stocks started briskly upward today on lively opening dealings. There were running sales of 5,000 shares of United States Steel at 87¼ and 87⅝ and a subsequent sale at 87½. All new record prices compared with 86⅛ last night. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Reading and Amalgamated Copper rose 1 and St. Paul, Erie and Atchison large fractions. Virginia-Iron declined 1.

Bullish sentiment was encouraged by the continuation of the upward movement in United States Steel, which touched 88, and strength shown by the best known railroad stocks. There was strong backing for the Erie stocks which were liquidated yesterday. Republic Steel advanced 2¼. Union Pacific 2 and American Cotton Oil, Vulcan Detinning 1⅜. Reading 1⅛ and a score or more of others from 1 to 1½. Realizing